Week ending July 3 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

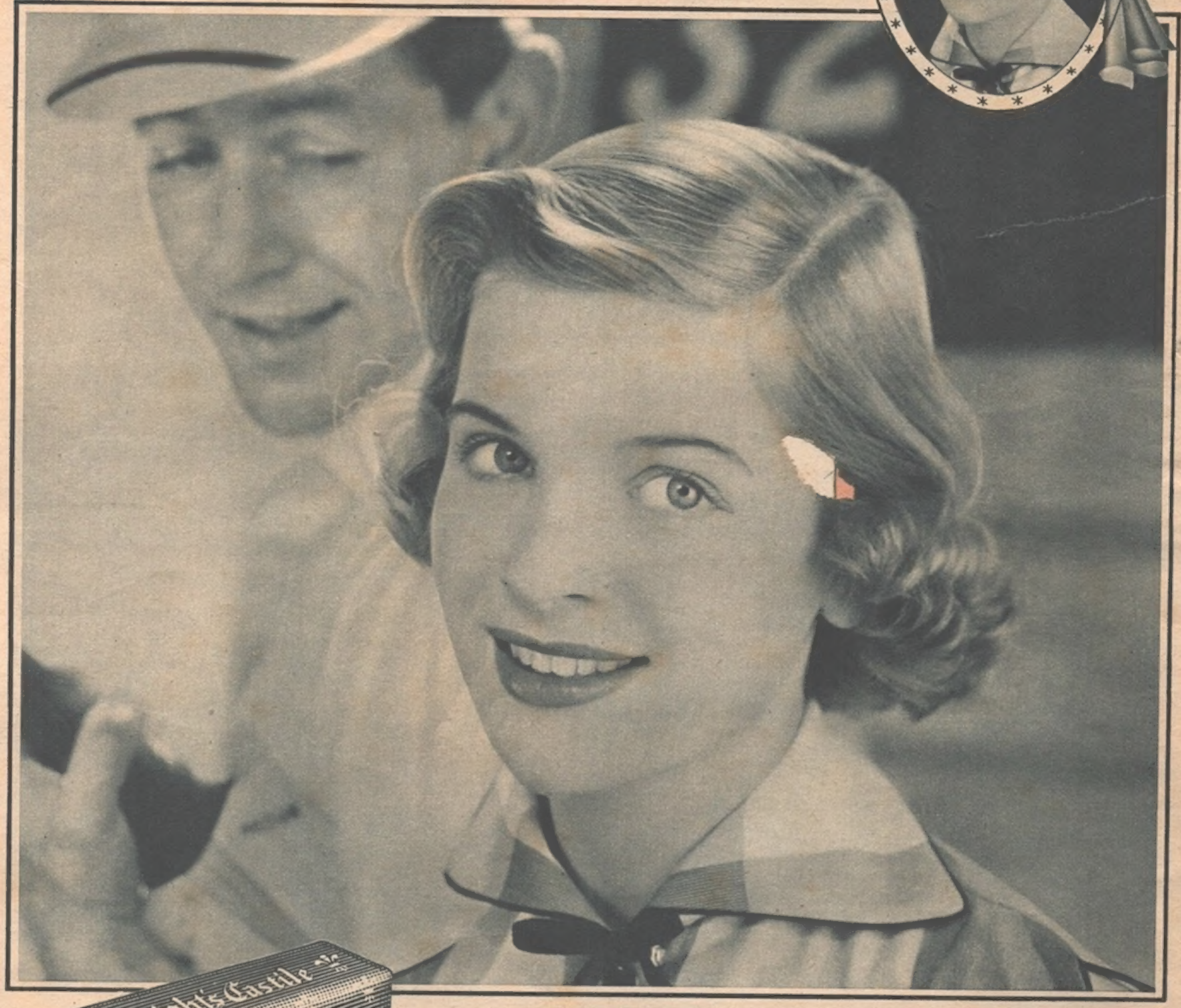
BEGINS THIS WEEK: A NEW ADVENTURE-ROMANCE

NIGHTMARE IN COPENHAGEN

by Martha Albrand

REVEAL *your natural loveliness*

...WITH KNIGHT'S CASTILE



Peggy's natural loveliness is quite breathtaking. It's more than her twinkling eyes, her bright gold hair . . . it's her lovely skin. Like Peggy, more and more women are finding that Knight's Castile makes the most of their natural beauty. This kindest, mildest of soaps, made from a blend of purified oils, just floats away the film of dust to reveal the natural loveliness beneath. Knight's Castile is descended from a soap that cherished lovely complexions in 12th Century Castile.

makes the most of your natural beauty

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EDITORIAL

Let the girls in

PROUD of her new uniform, Woman Police Constable Jean Fitchett, aged twenty-four, went out on the beat. She had come from Scotland in 1953 to join the Metropolitan Police. Now she had finished her training.

She thought she was doing fine, until one day last April an inspector called her in and gently suggested that perhaps, after all, she was "temperamentally unsuitable" to be a policewoman.

"You are too shy," the inspector summed up in non-official language. And Jean had to take off the smart uniform. She was sacked.

SHE protested: "Because I don't go about looking like a strong-arm circus girl it doesn't mean that I'm shy or scared." It is not surprising that she was angry. Her dismissal happened shortly after Elizabeth Bather, Scotland Yard's chief superintendent of women police, said: "Tough women are the last people we want."

MISS JEAN FITCHETT
"I'm not shy or scared"

There are ten times as many policewomen today as before the war. They are doing a remarkable job, proving themselves the equal of men in almost all duties—from helping blind men to catching murderers.

When necessary they can apply their ju-jitsu lessons, too. A smash-and-grab man made the mistake of trying to escape in London's Haymarket when W.P.C. Heather Walker was patrolling nearby. An eye-witness says: "She sloshed him a fourpenny one and sent him spinning. Then she grabbed him round the neck, twisted him over and sat on him."

THE wonder is that the authorities do not recruit more women, instead of sacking "shy" ones. They could rapidly solve the problem caused by the apparently permanent shortage of policemen.

Today there are two thousand policewomen. Only six forces in remotest Scotland, out of the 158 in Britain, have none at all. Yet the total could be much larger, for women, unlike men, are queueing up to join the force.

The attractions are pay starting at £7 a week, a smart tailor-made uniform, free lodging, eighteen days paid holiday, exciting work and good promotion prospects.

WITH Britain's police force 8,500 under the safe mark of 68,000, more volunteers must be found. Not enough men of the right type offer themselves, in spite of vigorous recruiting. So let in the women—able, intelligent, active women like Jean Fitchett.

Then the public will regain the feeling of security which is lacking while the police force is under strength.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A CENTURY too late, Douglas L. Mays's youngsters arrive at Maidencombe Beach, near Torquay. Captain Rotham has long since made his last smuggling trip from Cherbourg in his fast lugger The Traveller. But who knows what still lies beneath the sand? Perhaps one of the four-gallon brandy kegs which were landed by the captain on moonless nights, hauled up the cliff and then carried to Coombe Cellars on the River Teign.

Turn to Macleans for real close-up confidence

WHAT a terrific reception this great new tooth paste has had! To the best-selling tooth paste in the land Macleans added fresh, green, vital chlorophyll. *And subtracted none of the time-tested ingredients which have given users of Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste the whitest teeth in Britain.*

NOTE THIS: Chlorophyll does not clean your teeth; it cleans your breath. How vital it is, then, to get a good, whitening tooth paste when you change to chlorophyll!

The green tooth paste that makes teeth whiter

The chemists at Macleans have evolved a superb combination of the world's most effective whitening tooth paste and Nature's own deodorant—chlorophyll. Use this double-value, double-protection tooth paste today.

Prove for yourself, from the very first morning, how Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste with Chlorophyll freshens, sweetens your mouth—*and* makes your teeth whiter.

TRIUMPH OF RESEARCH! The perfect tooth paste with chlorophyll

Macleans will give you whiter teeth. But what of your breath? Of all mouth odours, 60 per cent originate *in the mouth itself* (as against stomach or throat). The chlorophyll in Macleans banishes those unpleasant odours. Gives you complete confidence. *Close-up* confidence!

Makes breath sweeter—makes teeth whiter

1/11d.

★ **MACLEANS USERS PLEASE NOTE:** The original Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste is still available everywhere at 1/7d. & 2/5d.

MAKING THE MOST OF

Salads

Vinegar can make your salads so much more appetizing—but do make sure you use the very best! The best, of course, is Sarson's Virgin Malt Vinegar. It keeps better, lasts longer, and stays bright and usable, retaining it's fine flavour.

Two tips for tastier salads: you can keep lettuce crisp by sprinkling with a mixture of equal parts water and Sarson's Virgin Malt Vinegar: slice your beetroot, sprinkle with a little sugar, cover with Sarson's Malt Vinegar—it's delicious! Ask for Sarson's when you next buy vinegar—that's your guarantee it's the best!

SARSON'S VIRGIN VINEGAR

—it's best because it's brewery bottled!

Sarson's Ltd., London.

Mother's a killer

And she goes on killing, when she's reading, resting or asleep. Her weapon is PERMINEX GAMMA BHC, the insecticide that contains "Gammexane", the new and super pest destroyer.

Puff . . . puff . . . puff . . . (The puffer's in the tin). Out comes a cloud of fine powder. And it kills — not instantly — but persistently over a long period.

PERMINEX KILLS AND GOES ON KILLING FLIES, COCKROACHES, MOTHS, MOSQUITOES, ANTS, FLEAS, CARPET BEETLES, SILVER FISH AND BED BUGS.

PERMINEX ALSO DISINFESTS CATS, DOGS AND OTHER DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Dad's a killer too

PERMINEX will make a wonderful difference to Dad's garden because it contains "Gammexane", Science's deadliest killer.

PERMINEX KILLS AND GOES ON KILLING ANTS, WIREWORMS, COCKCHAFER GRUBS, LEATHERJACKETS, MILLEPEDES, CABBAGE ROOT FLY, CARROT FLY AND FLEA BEETLES.

PERMINEX ALSO DISINFESTS POULTRY HOUSES, NESTING BOXES, PIGEON LOFTS AND ANIMAL SLEEPING QUARTERS.

PERMINEX GAMMA BHC

LINDANE QUALITY

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*IN PUFFER TIN

A powerful and persistent pest killer.

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JULY 3, 1954 VOL. 96 NUMBER 2505 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

They save on food to run a car

MY wife and I often envied a family who live nearby. They have a beautiful house and garden and an expensive post-war car. At the same time, we were puzzled, for the husband, like me, is a civil servant, and I know that he gets the same salary. How could they manage to live so well?

The other day I found the answer. I happened to call on them as they were having dinner, and I was surprised at the smallness of their meal. They noticed my surprise, for they laughed and said: "We never eat big meals."

That evening, my wife and I worked out our budget. We found that we spend nearly half our net income on food and wine alone. We live in a small house and we have no car, but our savings go towards holidays abroad.

We agreed that we prefer good food to the luxuries which would give us a superficial appearance of being well off. But when we mentioned this to a mutual friend, he said, drily: "In other words, you prefer gluttony to ostentation."—J. D., Surrey.

Royal Relish

LANCASHIRE hot-pot is indeed a dish fit for a king ("Free Speech," May 29). When King George VI and Queen Elizabeth were touring the country after their Coronation they visited my home town in Lancashire. There they were served with hot-pot. The King was so delighted with this dish that he asked for the recipe. After that, hot-pot was often on the menu at Buckingham Palace.—MRS. J. H., Dorset.

Spring Fashion

WHEN visiting a friend last week, I saw what appeared to be a scantily dressed woman standing in a neighbour's garden. She seemed to stand and stare in one direction for a long time without moving. My curiosity

was aroused, and on investigating I discovered that the neighbour was using a disused shop-window model as a scarecrow. It was extremely effective in keeping the birds away, but seemed to attract considerable attention from passers-by.—J. ADEY, County Road, Swindon, Wiltshire.

What's In A Date?

WHILE visiting Edinburgh on May 17, I was surprised to see the city dotted with dozens of small bonfires. I was told that the celebrations were in honour of Queen Victoria's birthday and that the day was a public holiday. On referring to my diary I discovered that the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday falls on May 24. I wondered why the Scots had instituted such an unusual custom without any regard, apparently, for historical accuracy.—J. M. HARTLAND, Beech Avenue, Quinton, Birmingham, 32.

Edinburgh's Spring Holiday is known as Victoria Day, and was originally in honour of Queen Victoria's birthday. The day is now fixed as the Monday of the Church's General Assembly Week, and the date is therefore variable.

Ladies First

THE seafaring jingle, "If to your starboard red appear . . ." applies not to sailing vessels but to those under power ("This Week's Cover," June 12). The verse is taken from the Admiralty Manual of Seamanship (1937), and is followed by rhymes which may be of guidance to yachtsmen. The third of these seems applicable to the situation depicted in your cover:

"Both 'close-hauled' or both quite free
On different tacks we all agree,
The ship that has the wind to port
Must keep well clear, is what we are taught."

As both boats will have been close-hauled, the boys in your picture will have had the wind to port and should give way to the girls.—LESLIE TOPPLE, Maidstone Road, Felixstowe, Suffolk.

Home—Or Hospital?

AS headmaster of a junior school I often have to prepare reports on children who are referred to a psychologist because of difficulties arising from their school work and behaviour. In many cases an investigation of their pre-school histories shows that they have been separated from their parents by long periods in hospital. Such separations are likely to leave a deep feeling of insecurity and may affect a child's behaviour for many years afterwards. Wider adoption of Rotherham's excellent children's home-nursing service (JOHN BULL Editorial, June 5) would, in my opinion, mean fewer cases for the school psychologist.—R. H. JONES, Perry Spring, Potter Street, Harlow, Essex.

THE MAN WHO PIERCES THE IRON CURTAIN

WILFRED GREATOREX tells the story of an Englishman whom the Russians are always pleased to see

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Racing Colours

I WAS particularly interested to read the article on Raymond, the hairdresser (JOHN BULL, June 12). I remember he once had the tails of his racehorses dyed pink, mauve and other striking colours. He said: "Horses are like women. They are always at their best when they know they are looking their best."—M. L. HART, Mandrake Road, Tooting, London, S.W.17.

Higher And Higher

ALTHOUGH Wainhouse Tower in Yorkshire is higher than London's Monument, it is still not the highest stone column in the world ("Free Speech," June 5). The Washington National Monument, which is built of white marble and stands 555 feet 5⅛ inches, is far higher. As my photograph shows, it commands

a wonderful view of the United States' capital. — PATRICIA LALLY, Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, Yorkshire.

The Washington National Monument was erected in honour of George Washington. Work started in 1848 after money had been raised by public subscription. In 1860, when the column was still uncompleted, a block of white marble, given by the Pope and sent from the ancient Temple of Concordia, Rome, was stolen. Public subscriptions ceased, and the column was completed at government expense. It was opened in 1888.

Buzzing With Scandal

THE Cornish superstition of telling the bees of a family loss ("Free Speech," June 5) has its counterparts in many European countries. Quite the oddest of all, I think, is in Yugoslavia, where in many villages local affairs are painted on the fronts of beehives. Perhaps this also helps to maintain moral tone, for imagine

the feelings of a wayward peasant, who sees his misdeeds colourfully portrayed on the village beehives.—MRS. CYNTHIA M. SMITH, Springfield Terrace, Smithy Lane, Huddersfield.

. . . Many people in Cornwall still believe in witchcraft, and it is not so many years since almost every town in the Duchy had its white witch. When the butter would not churn or the hens stopped laying, the white witch was consulted, and the farmer probably returned with a packet of red powder to scatter as an antidote. —B. CROCKER, Waterloo Road, Bedford.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech", and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

SP34

Look after your hair roots

–they only die once!

What will your mirror show ten years from today?

THE HAIRS OF YOUR HEAD ARE NUMBERED!

An average scalp has about 120,000 follicles—indentations in the scalp from which hair grows. This number is established early in life, after which no new follicles appear. Every follicle that dies is irreplaceable.

It's depressing—but it's true! Your hair roots—that is, the growing points of your hair—have only one life! This is a fact of crucial importance in any study of hair care—and the man who understands its true significance has a much better chance of keeping his hair growing vigorously and healthily all his life.

Here is the position. Every hair on your head grows out from a tiny indentation in the scalp, called a follicle (*see diagram*). At the bottom of the follicle is the true growing point of the hair, the *papilla*. Very early in life your 'quota' of hair is fixed by the number of follicles in your scalp. Thereafter follicles may wither away—*but no new ones will form.*

This does not mean that a hair which falls out cannot be replaced; on the contrary, so long as the *papilla* is alive, it can and will grow new hair. But when the *papilla* itself dies, the whole follicle withers and no new hair can grow. It is vital therefore that the *papilla* should be kept alive.

Hair grows from the papilla (A) through the follicle (B). The sebaceous gland (C) controls the oiliness of your hair. The arrector pili muscle (D) is the muscle that 'makes your hair stand on end'.

A Biochemical Treatment

How is the papilla to be kept alive? Far the best answer is—sensible daily care—*plus* Silvikrin. Why Silvikrin? Because the basic Silvikrin product (Pure Silvikrin) is a unique solution of all the 18 organic compounds (amino-acids) from which your hair is built, and can be massaged into the scalp to supplement the natural supply of these vital amino-acids at the hair root. The Silvikrin treatment has been found of the greatest value in many cases of thinning hair; it is the only *biochemical* specific generally available for improving hair health: and it *offers far the best chance of saving the life of the papilla.*

But Pure Silvikrin is only part of the story. At the Silvikrin Laboratories a team of experts, specializing exclusively in hair care, have developed a whole range of products designed to assist hair health. Correct use of these products gives your hair the best possible chance of strong, healtny growth. Start with Silvikrin right away then, and you're well on the way to perfect hair health!

When you need Silvikrin

FALLING HAIR AND SEVERE DANDRUFF

Trouble at the hair root or in the scalp may be due to a shortage of even one of the 18 amino-acids which hair must have in order to grow properly. Your best chance of checking falling hair and severe dandruff is to apply Pure Silvikrin, a concentrated solution of all the amino-acids from which hair is built.

GREASY SCALP

Excessive activity of the sebaceous gland causes over-oiliness of the scalp which may lead to dandruff and thinning hair. The remedy is first to shampoo your hair at least once a week, and more often if necessary, with a Silvikrin shampoo; second, massage the scalp lightly night and morning with Silvikrin Hair Tonic, a pleasant non-oily lotion which keeps the scalp free from excessive oiliness.

DRY HAIR

Dull dry hair and an itchy scalp mean that too little sebum or natural oil is being produced at the hair root. The remedy is to massage the scalp with Silvikrin Hair Dressing (a lotion with oil). Massage will help to stimulate the whole of the scalp—and Silvikrin Hair Dressing will supplement the supply of natural oils.

CLEANLINESS

Always keep your hair scrupulously clean. This is important since disorders such as dandruff are far more likely when hair and scalp are dirty or excessively greasy. A Silvikrin shampoo once a week is the best possible way of keeping your hair clean and healthy.

The Silvikrin range

PURE SILVIKRIN
A concentrated solution of the 18 organic substances (amino-acids) from which hair is built. 11/3d for a month's supply.

SILVIKRIN HAIR TONIC
An invigorating lotion (without oil) for daily massage, containing a measured proportion of Pure Silvikrin. 2/6d and 4/4½d.

SILVIKRIN HAIR DRESSING
A superb daily dressing containing just enough oil to groom your hair smartly and *naturally* all day long: of especial value in checking dandruff. 2/6d and 4/4½d.

SILVIKRIN HAIR CREAM
A first rate hair cream, for those who want 'something a little extra'. 4/- a jar.

SILVIKRIN SHAMPOOS
Powder 4½d. Liquid sachet 6d, bottle 1/5d. Cream 1/5d and 2/3d.

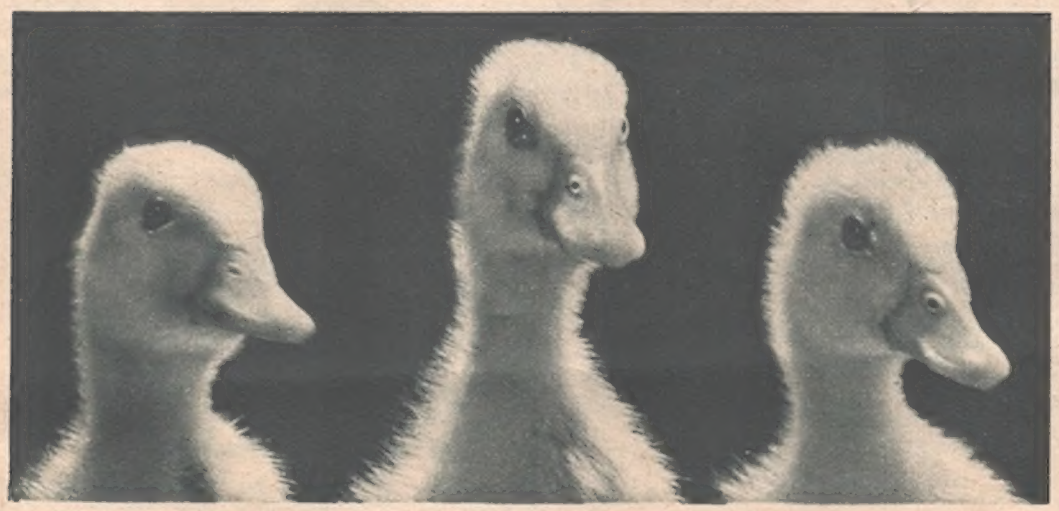
All these products contain a proportion of Pure Silvikrin, for the sake of your hair's health

Silvikrin

The way to hair health

ILFORD FILMS

for faces & places



When you photograph an attractive face or an interesting place, give your camera a proper chance by loading with an Ilford film.

Make your choice between HP3 (the high speed film for subjects in action and exposures in poor light); FP3 (the fine grain film for high quality enlargements) and Selochrome (the outdoor film for sparkling snapshots). You can't go wrong with any of these famous films—you'll get a good picture every time.

Roll Film No.	HP3 & FP3	Selochrome
127	2s 7d	2s 3d
120 & 620	2s 11d	2s 7d
116 & 616	3s 8d	3s 4d
*828	2s 3d	—

*Available in FP3 only

ILFORD FILMS ARE MADE TO FIT ALL POPULAR CAMERAS

A voice behind him said: "Don't move or I'll shoot!" Richard spun round. The gun in the girl's hand did not waver. "Helga!" he cried

Beginning an exciting adventure-romance—of a man caught by . . .

Nightmare in Copenhagen

by MARTHA ALBRAND

PETERSEN, one of the passport-control officers at Kastrup, Copenhagen's airport, was a little old man, due to be retired in two months. He could not get used to the idea. Miserably, he stared through the window to the beach beyond the airfield. Quite a few of the heavy concrete blocks the Germans had placed as obstacles on the runways had been dumped into the sea. It was low tide and the waves were washing round them.

Whenever Petersen thought of the terrible years of the Occupation, his throat contracted with pride. Silently, determinedly, without arms, without any outside help to speak of, the Danes had resisted. They had fought the Germans, and Petersen, among thousands of other patriots, had done his share, working underground, risking his life. And somehow, like millions all over the world, when it was finished he had thought there could never be another war.

Perhaps it wasn't so bad, after all, to be old.

A DC-6 was coming in to land, a streak of silver as the sun caught it. Petersen sighed. He had better work while he could. By the time he had returned to his desk and got out his stamps and papers and lists, the tourists were streaming into the building. The first in line was a tall young man, British passport.

"I trust you had a good flight, sir? And have you ever been in Denmark before?"

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

"Never," said Richard Parker, and he smiled a little because it seemed incongruous that none of the plans for a visit Oersted and he had made years ago should have come true before. And without the cable, so guardedly phrased, he wouldn't be here now.

"The purpose of your visit?"

"To see the country. Just put down 'tourist.'"

"What will your address be during your stay here?"

There seemed no reason why he shouldn't say, "Care of Anders Oersted." But suddenly he remembered the feeling of alarm with which he had read the cable—*"In mutual interest, come as soon as possible."* Now, as then, he

experienced a sense of secrecy and excitement.

He shrugged. "I'll be moving about, I expect."

Petersen, though, had noticed the second of hesitation before Richard answered. He glanced at the description on the passport. PROFESSION: Research Chemist. PLACE AND DATE OF BIRTH: Worcester, May 10, 1919. RESIDENCE: Britain. HEIGHT: 6 ft. 1 in. COLOUR OF EYES: Brown. COLOUR OF HAIR: Brown. SPECIAL PECULIARITIES: None.

There seemed to be no irregularity. He stamped the passport and handed it back. "Thank you, Mr. Parker. I hope you enjoy your holiday in Denmark." And the moment he pronounced the name he knew that he had heard it before. Heard or seen it somewhere. Richard Parker. But when and where he could not recall.

He shook his head to himself in disapproval; then, without quite knowing why, he made a little mark on the sheet on to which he had transcribed Richard Parker's data.

Richard was still smiling as he left the Customs and walked down the narrow corridor towards the lobby. Momentarily he had forgotten the strenuous rush of the last few days before he had been able to comply with Oersted's appeal. All he felt was the happy anticipation of seeing Anders Oersted within a minute or two.

When Anders had left England in 1950, both had thought that it would be only a little while until they would meet again. Instead, two and a half years had elapsed. "Science is like a prison," Anders had written once when Richard had had to cancel a visit at the last moment. "And you're in for life. I know. Let's hope for another time." The time was now.

The lobby was crowded. Danish voices, high and shrill with excitement, mingled with English, French, German. Richard, only dimly aware of what was going on around him, was concentrating as hard as he could to catch, in the cacophony of noises, Anders's voice, to see the milling crowd fall back before the giant figure of his friend. He waited in vain.

With a feeling of disappointment, Richard watched the lobby empty. That Anders should be late on an occasion like this seemed odd. You did not ask a friend to drop what he was doing at a moment's notice to let him hang around the airport of a strange country.

"*In mutual interest, come as soon as possible.*" They had used the phrase as a code for dangerous operations during the war. In his tired mind it began to repeat itself until it sounded like a cry for help and, though Richard knew that the only help that was wanted was his knowledge and experience in his special field of explosives, he grew unreasonably nervous.

Nonsense, nonsense, he told himself. Probably Anders, absorbed in his work, had never planned to meet him, but had assumed that he would at once come out to the Solskin Chemical Works.

THE second the idea crossed his mind, it seemed the obvious solution. Of course. Something of great importance was happening somewhere in a quiet laboratory and he had been idiotic enough to——

There was a row of telephones attached to the wall. To his surprise, Richard heard himself ask for a connection with the Solskin works in Danish. He had picked up the language during the years he had known Anders, and thought he had forgotten it long ago.

After a minute or so there was an answer. "Good afternoon. Solskin Chemical Works."

"Doctor Oersted, please."

There was a click and a pause; then another voice—a soft, quiet voice which undoubtedly belonged to Ulla Rasmussen, Anders's elderly private secretary. He had met her that beautiful summer in '49, in London.

"Miss Rasmussen," said Richard, "this is Richard speaking. Richard Parker." He felt unreasonably relieved when he heard her warm acknowledging response. "I've just got in. I'm at Kastrup. Can you put Anders on?"

"Anders? Isn't he with you?"

"No. That's why I'm calling. I thought he——"

"But I can't understand that," said the voice, and it sounded puzzled and a little upset. "He planned to meet you. He told me so yesterday when I phoned him at the farm. He's been working there all the week, but he meant to drive in. Maybe something happened at the last moment to prevent it."

"What do you suggest I do? Come out to the Solskin works, call at his flat or drive out to the country?"

"Oh, no," came the voice. "Anders reserved a room for you at the Palace Hotel. I think you'd better go there and wait till you hear from me. I'll phone the farm right away."

RICHARD was immensely startled. He knew that Anders lived on the farm where he had been born, near Helsingor, twenty-five miles north of Copenhagen; that he had a private laboratory out there in which he worked whenever his presence was not needed at the factory, and that he had a small bachelor apartment in Vester Farimagsgade. It had never occurred to him that he would not be a guest in one of Anders's homes, but he managed to push a sudden uneasiness out of his mind and ask the question he had wanted to ask from the beginning. "Is Helga around?"

Now the secretary laughed. "Yes," she said, "but don't spoil the surprise. She doesn't know you're here."

The last bus for the city was leaving and he had to run for it. Helga, he thought. Helga.

As they drove towards the city, he looked neither to right nor left, but back into the past. Four years ago he had met Helga, Anders's sister, who, with her father and Miss Rasmussen, had come to visit her brother in London. And after a weekend spent squiring her around, he had told Anders, "I think I'm going to marry her."

"God help her," Anders had answered. "Really, I mean it. Men like you and me are not cut out to make good husbands. Let her marry someone who's got time for a wife and a family, not such a lone wolf as you or I have to be." And then he had grown serious, "She's only a child, Richard. Just seventeen. Don't turn her head. She wouldn't know what she was doing if she said yes."

For a little while then their friendship had seemed less intimate. Richard had not been sure whether Oersted did not like him well enough to have him for a brother-in-law or whether he really believed that scientists were apt to make their wives unhappy. Then, watching Anders's devotion to his work and gradually getting so involved himself that every hour spent away from the lab seemed a waste of time, he came to realize how lonely and lost a woman might feel, married to a man in love with science.

Neither Anders nor he had married. Now Helga was a child no longer, but twenty-one years old and, since she kept house for her brother, she should be well aware by now of what life with a man in their profession meant.

They were in the city now; the bus was stopping at the Palace Hotel in the Town Hall Square.

Somehow Richard had travelled little, and rarely had he stayed at such an elegant hotel. While he showered and shaved, he enjoyed the luxury of his spacious room.

He dressed, went downstairs and discovered that a side-street café was part of the hotel. There was a newspaper stand in the entrance, and just as Richard reached for a magazine a man came in with a bundle of Danish papers, fresh from the press.

At first Richard thought that he'd made a

Before Richard could move, Mogens was standing

mistake, that the face he saw in the left corner, directly under the headline, was there only because he had been seeing it in his mind for hours; then he told himself that there was no reason why Anders's photograph shouldn't be on the front page of a newspaper.

After all, Anders Oersted was known for his work far beyond the borders of his native country. Then Richard's mouth went dry, his eyes refused to focus, his brain to work precisely. All knowledge of Danish left him. He could not make out the headline.

His voice sounded strange when he turned to the girl behind the stand. "What does it say there?" he asked. "What does it say? For heaven's sake, tell me what they say about him!"

The girl looked at him, and then her lips moved silently as she read to herself. "I hope

over him, huge and threatening. "Just forget about the police, Herre Parker, and listen to me"

he wasn't a friend of yours," she said finally in a shrill little voice, speaking English now as well as she could. "For he's dead. Drowned, it says. They found his boat with his clothes, drifting near the Swedish coast. But no sign of his body. It may take weeks or months till they find it. He used to bathe often from the boat, they write here. Perhaps a cramp. Perhaps the heart. Oh, how young he was. Only thirty-four. I'm sorry——"

Nor quite an hour later, Richard was driving along Route 3, going steadily north in the direction of Helsingor. It had been no small feat to hire a self-drive car at an hour when places were closing, but he had managed it after a futile attempt to reach Ulla Rasmussen at the office.

In Lyngby he slowed down, for here, a mile or so from the road he was taking, lay the Solskin works. But what was the use of stopping there, when he knew the factory was already closed for the night?

He drove on through Holte, surrounded by its beautiful forest, past Sorgenfri, the summer residence of the king, but the beauty of the countryside no longer meant anything to him, and the little old towns failed to touch his sense of history.

A few days ago, Anders had sent him the cable that had brought him here. It could only mean that Anders, in the course of some important work, had been stumped by something he had hoped Richard could solve.

Speeding along the highway, almost empty at this time of day, Richard could feel the air getting fresher with a breeze from the sea—the sea which had taken Anders's life. Anders had been an exceptionally good swimmer. Perhaps a cramp, the paper had said. . . .

He came to a crossing where he had to turn left to reach the Oersted farm. It stood out in the flat, open country like a primitive old fort. Four equally long and high sections with thatched roofs joined to form a perfect square. Dark, heavy beams interrupted the whitewashed walls at regular intervals. But from where Richard was approaching he could see no light. A car, though, stood in the drive, blocking the way.

Richard crossed a stretch of lawn. The house was shaded by enormous beeches. He rang the bell, and after a few minutes rang again until the door opened.

An old man, a green apron across his stomach, addressed him angrily: "Have you gone out of your mind, sir? We are not deaf. We are not receiving strangers at this time of evening!"

In the light flooding from the long, narrow hall which had once been a stable, Richard looked back at the old man. It could only be Niels, the old servant.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm Richard Parker. Niels, will you tell Miss Helga that I'm here?"

His name, he could see, meant nothing to Niels.

"Miss Oersted is not seeing anyone tonight."

"I know, I know," said Richard, and stepped past him into the hall and through the door opposite the entrance, into a flower-filled courtyard. "Helga!" he cried. "Helga!"

"I must ask you," said Niels's voice behind him, "to leave the house."

But then another voice broke in, "It's all right, Niels."

Before Richard stood Ulla Rasmussen, as plump, as grey-haired, as motherly as Richard remembered her.

"You've heard, of course," she said. "I tried to reach you, but you had left the hotel. And I couldn't wait. My first duty was to Helga." Her voice wavered, grew steady again, "Come in here, please."

Richard followed her into the living-room. "How is she?"

"In a state of shock. She hasn't cried since she was told."

She sat down on a couch in front of an empty fireplace and buried her face in her hands, and Richard felt that this was the first time since the news had broken that Ulla Rasmussen was letting herself go. "She really brought us up," Anders had told him. "Helga particularly. Our mother died a week after Helga's birth. I was just thirteen."

Richard put his arm around the secretary's shoulder, and after a little while she took her hands away from her face and pressed his hand.

"Miss Rasmussen," he said. "I don't understand why Anders should have thought of boating when——" He had meant to go on, but suddenly it seemed impossible to add to her grief the horrid suspicion of murder.

She looked at him. "There is nothing strange about it. Anders often went to Copenhagen by boat. That's what he did today."

"Did the police phone you at the office?"

"They phoned the house, but Helga had gone to visit friends at Hornbaek, and Niels answered it. And just after that the wire went dead. You see, we had a storm last night which lasted well into the early morning."

"The telephone is still out of order?"

She shook her head. "I had it disconnected. Too many calls were coming in." A sob escaped her.

"Miss Rasmussen," said Richard, and now for the first time he sat down. He sat next to her, looking at her intently and seriously. "How much did Anders mention to you about his latest experiments in explosives?"

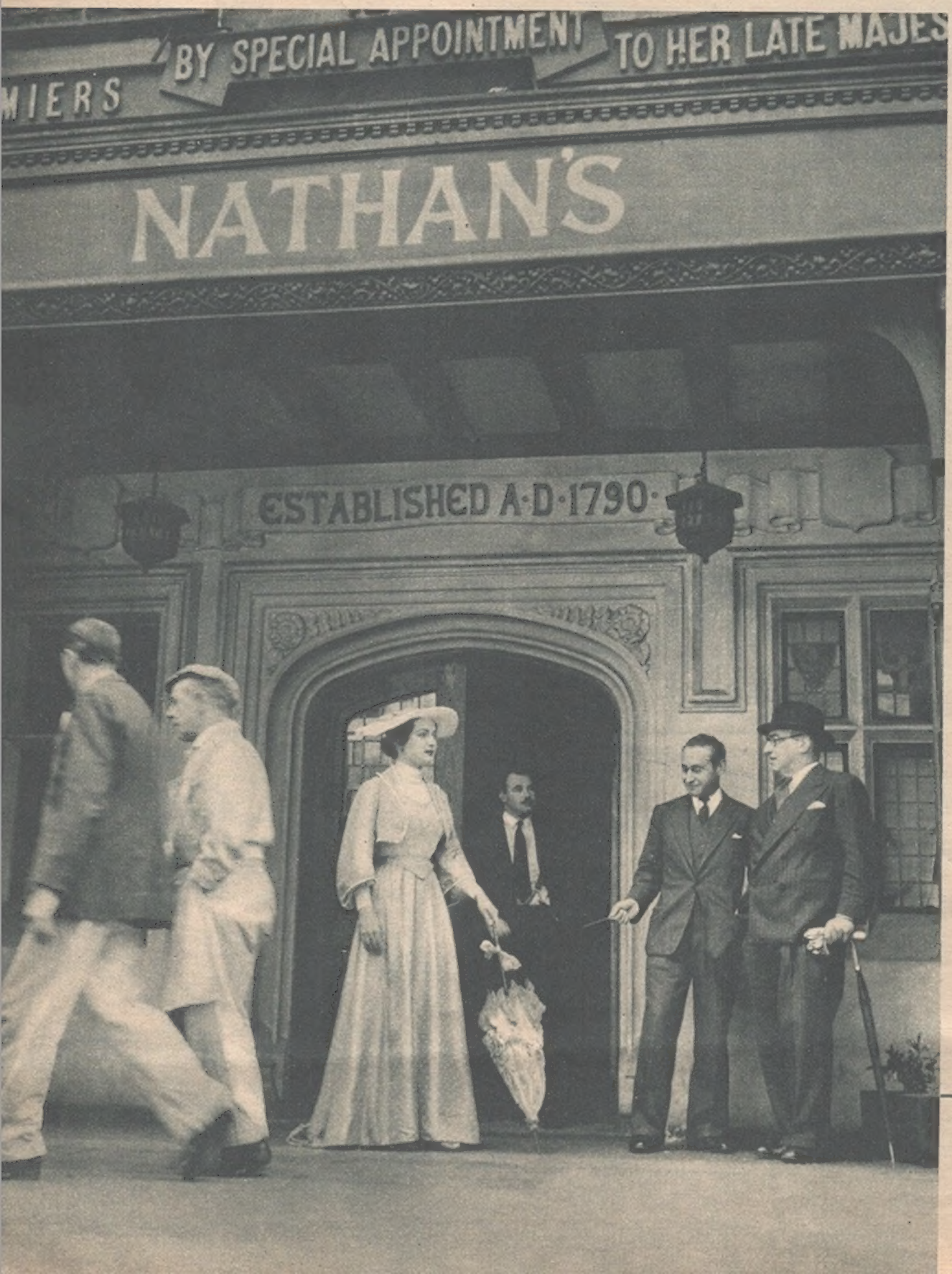
His tone of voice, his words, the concentration in his eyes, startled her. "I don't know what you mean," she said. "You know as well

Continued on page 32

Archie Nathan keeps a disguise for every occasion

by JOHN HARMAN

He makes Maori skirts from drinking straws, and transforms his clients into mandarins or mermaids. But he hates to look ridiculous



Bowler-hatted Archie Nathan inspects a period costume outside his London showroom. He runs the oldest business of its kind in the world

ONE EVENING at six o'clock, the telephone rang just as Archie Nathan, a London theatrical costumier, was about to finish work. It had been decided to shoot scenes at Covent Garden for *Melba*, a biography of the singer, and the director wanted ninety extras dressed as Edwardian opera-goers to be ready early the following morning.

Nathan, a tough and thick-set ex-rugger player, who is proud that he can lend an expert hand to his staff, worked through the night helping to get the outfits assembled in time. When the extras arrived at nine o'clock next morning he was waiting to receive them.

"The Edwardian aristocrats were off to Covent Garden within ninety minutes," he says. "They had tiaras, bracelets, watches and monocles as finishing touches."

Rush jobs requiring work all night or over weekends occur frequently for Nathan, who, with his brother, Victor, and nephew, John, runs the oldest firm of theatrical costumiers in the world. He is often busy on four or five big films, or stage, ice or television shows at once. For a rewritten crowd scene in the film *Helen of Troy*, being made in Italy, Nathan bought three thousand yards of dishcloth, "the nearest modern equivalent of the home-weave of classical times," and at short notice made five hundred cloaks in twenty-four different colours, which he sent by air.

Delivered In Brewer's Dray

Urgent orders are usually sent on short journeys by taxi. Once, when fifteen baskets had to be delivered to a Brighton theatre early on a Sunday morning for a dress rehearsal of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, Nathan arrived at Brighton Station to find that transport was unobtainable. In desperation, he went to a local brewery.

"I knocked up the caretaker and persuaded him to let me harness a horse and dray. Then I loaded the baskets and set out for the theatre." With mixed feelings of achievement and deflated dignity, Nathan clattered up to the stage door and announced himself to the surprised producer.

Behind the credit line "Costumes by Nathan," which appears regularly in theatre programmes, is a highly organized team of more than a hundred cutters, dressmakers, fitters, armourers, wig-makers and make-up artists which "Mr. Archie," as he is known to his staff, rules with benign authority. Almost every star and would-be star in Britain has climbed the impressive, panelled staircase to his showrooms.

John Nathan recalls how a famous actor telephoned late one evening and implored him to go to Liverpool where, he said, a dress rehearsal was in serious difficulties. "I caught the night train, rushed to the theatre and was shown, in an off-hand way, the cause of the trouble—a waistband which needed a minor adjustment."

Angry Actor Threw A Bed

Later, when staying with a powerfully built film actor in an hotel in the North, John had to duck when the star flew into a rage, picked up a bed and hurled it out of a window.

Clients with personal orders have included a bishop who wanted a frock coat and gaiters, and a film star who asked for pads to be sewn inside his jacket to give the impression of huge biceps. A native ruler in West Africa is a regular client. "He repeats his coronation ceremony at intervals. For the latest one, I provided a crown like Henry the Fifth's and a red velvet robe embroidered with coloured stones."

A Londoner, who suspected his wife of unfaithfulness and wanted to spy on her movements, once left Nathan's disguised as an Indian.

Another request for disguise involved Gus

Almost every stage and film star in Britain has come to Nathan's for a fitting. Princess Margaret was a customer. She ordered a costume for *Old Mother Red Riding Boots*

Arthur West kneels to fit genuine armour. - For a recent film, Nathan's made some "chain mail" from knitted string

Rogers, Nathan's wig and make-up expert, in a hoax which deceived the navy.

It was in 1910, and Rogers was working for a firm since taken over by Nathan's. He was called to a house in Fitzroy Square and met five young men and a girl. One of them was Horace Cole, the famous practical joker, and the girl, Virginia Stephen, later became Virginia Woolf the author.

Five of the party asked to be dressed up as male African potentates. Believing it to be merely a private joke, Rogers helped them into flowing robes, and then darkened their skins.

The hoaxers took a train from Paddington to the naval port of Weymouth. Here, with four of them speaking gibberish, the fifth pretending to be an interpreter and the sixth playing the part of a Foreign Office representative, the party posed as the Emperor of Abyssinia and his suite. The result was so convincing that security precautions were waived in their honour and they were shown over H.M.S. Dreadnought.

"When the hoax became known, the papers were full of it, and questions were asked in Parliament," says Rogers.

Nathan has 100,000 costumes in stock for hiring to repertory and amateur shows, which he dresses at a rate of forty a week. Costumes have to be made specially for many London productions, and the interpretation of designers' sketches can be difficult. "At times, a rough squiggle is all that is given. It is left to me to choose the fabric and the way to cut it."

A client who left no doubt in her specifications, was Princess Margaret. When ordering an Austrian costume for the pantomime *Old Mother Red Riding Boots*, in which she co-starred with her sister at Windsor Castle in 1944, she drew for him a sketch in which every seam was firmly indicated.

Nathan's great-grandfather founded the firm when he set up business as a tailor to the nobility in 1790. He branched into theatrical work as a logical extension to making fancy dresses. Today, Nathan maintains a fancy dress department as a sideline, and for upwards of two guineas a night can transform clients into mandarins, cave men or mermaids. "Stout clients usually want to be Harlequin, because the checks flatter their figures. Thin ones ask to be Falstaff."

Some of the costumes in his theatrical section started life as fancy dresses. A Spanish courtier's outfit worn in the recent TV play *That Lady* was originally made for King Edward VII.

"He insists on using the best materials and willingly pays £6 a yard for French brocades," says one of his staff. "He ignored the velveteen and rabbit fur which were permitted for Coronation robes, and when dressing peers and pages ordered real silk velvet and ermine."

Shopmen Thought He Was Crazy

His insistence on the genuine article is not always possible and, owing to lack of time or money, improvisation is sometimes necessary. "Chain mail" for the film *Knights of the Round Table* was knitted string.

When he was asked to send two hundred Maori straw skirts to the film unit making *The Seekers* in New Zealand, Nathan tried unsuccessfully to borrow some. "I got round the difficulty by buying thousands of drinking straws—shopkeepers thought I was crazy—and threaded them together, layer upon layer." Maoris in the film believed the skirts were genuine.

Nathan, who is fifty-six, lives near Guildford, Surrey, and is married, with a twelve-year-old daughter and a young son. A keen sportsman, fond of horse-riding and tennis, he is sensitive to ridicule about his job. When Ivor Novello called to arrange costumes for a new musical, Nathan walked in with a sample of flimsy chiffon. The composer, struck by the incongruity of such a large man holding chiffon, observed bluntly that if Nathan knew what a fool he looked, he would put it down. "Since then," says Nathan, "I have never been seen touching any material."

At first, Nathan refused his father's invitation to work in the family firm. He studied forestry in Saxony. The first World War brought him back to Britain and he served as a sergeant-major and rough-riding instructor in the Royal Horse Artillery. When he eventually joined Nathan's, he had to follow the tradition of starting from the bottom. "My first job was to whitewash a ceiling. I made an enormous mess and had to scrub the floor."

Quickly he learned that diplomacy is essential in business deals with some clients. He was in his father's office one day when a film director brought in a long list of costumes which were wanted urgently for a picture. His father glanced at the list and immediately quoted a price of £1,007 10s. When the director asked the reason for the odd £7 10s., Nathan senior explained that on the last occasion they had done business, he had been forced to issue a writ.

"That cost £5," he said. "The extra £2 10s. is half of the cost of the same thing happening again." The director laughed and wrote a cheque for £1,005.

Occasionally audiences try to catch Nathan on details. For a television production of Shakespeare's *Henry V* he made an elaborate tabard, divided into four quarters, for an actor playing the Constable of France. A viewer who was an authority on heraldry said that the upper two quarters of the tabard were placed in the wrong order.

"He was right," Nathan admits. "The costume was unpicked and sewn together correctly for the repeat performance."

Police Seized False Jewels

Once, Nathan's quest for realism nearly proved disastrous. Shortly before the opening of a new play at a London theatre, the producer complained that a heavily jewelled dress ordered for the leading lady had not arrived. Nathan learned that a messenger had left with it several hours earlier. He searched the streets. Then he went to a police station, where he found the boy, the dress and an excited police sergeant.

"The messenger had paused to look in the box he was carrying," says Nathan. "He happened to be walking past the police station at the time, and the sergeant caught a glimpse of jewels and promptly arrested him in the belief that a fabulous robbery had been committed."

Nathan persuaded the sergeant that the stones were imitation, and took the dress to the theatre by taxi. He arrived five minutes before the curtain went up. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

AFTER THE DANCE

by SID CHAPLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SEABRIGHT

She could keep the secret of that dreadful night —at a price. The price was a little boy's life

THE WIND HAD BEEN rising all the time. It was so unexpected and violent that it took her breath away as she stepped out of the squat little bus. It billowed her coat and made staccato music on the paper parcels in her shopping bag. It rolled clumps of dead gorse in the gutter and swept old newspapers high in the air. And the telegraph wires sang.

Anna liked the wind but not the singing of the wires. They had sung like that in the night just thirteen years ago, and the sound always penetrated to that dark recess where she kept the memory. Now, as she pushed against the wind, following the winding path through scrubby grass and gold-encrusted gorse towards the house at the end of the terrace, she pushed back the unbidden pictures from the past.

As she neared the terrace, the wind brought a long-drawn-out cry—a mother calling in her children for the midday meal. "Raymond! Nancy! Eddie! Tommy! Come in and get your dinner."

The woman stood at the whitewashed gate-step, hands on hips, calling her children home. It was her neighbour, Mrs. Nash. Anna had helped to bring up all of them, but her favourite was the youngest, Tommy, a little rip with a nimbus of fine fair hair.

Mrs. Nash was still standing at the door when Anna reached the terrace, and she looked a little worried.

"They're all in but Tommy," she said. "The others haven't seen him this last hour. You didn't see him up the hill?"

"I'd have brought him down if I had," said Anna.

"I'll have a look round the back. The little devil. . . ."

MRS. NASH went round the back street, and Anna unlocked the door and went into her comfortable little kitchen. The table was laid ready for Jim's homecoming, the fire only needed stirring to send up darting little flames, and the old grandfather clock clicked benignly from his corner.

She put the kettle on the hob and went through to the back room. Glancing outside, she saw Mrs. Nash walking back. "Tommy! Tommy! Come and get your dinner! Tommy!"

Anna felt a first stirring of unease. She went out and met Mrs. Nash.

"Maybe he's down at the old quarry, Mrs. Nash," she said. "You go back and give the others their dinner. I'll walk down and see if he's there."

"I'll tan the hide off his back!" said Mrs. Nash fiercely but without conviction. "It's very good of you, Anna, to help me like this."

It was a relief to get into the scooped-out basin of the quarry away from the wind, but there was a frightening emptiness about it. At the narrow, deep-rutted entrance, a thrush on the topmost twig of a hawthorn swelled with song, but within all was silence: bleached piles of limestone like old bones between grassy hummocks, old rails netted in creeping strands of bramble, splashes of dandelion; and a brooding quiet.

A lame old crow limped rapidly away at her approach, took flight, and poised himself on the invisible currents just above the quarry, staring at her with beady, cunning old eyes. But there seemed to be nothing else living there. She went to the rock face and peered into every little crevice and under overhanging shelves, just to make sure, but he was manifestly not there. She called, hoping that he would dart out of hiding behind a hummock or stunted hawthorn, but her voice was only thrown back from the blank, unyielding rock. She went back home.

IT was after two, and Jim was due in from the pit. Maybe Tommy had slipped back home meanwhile. Maybe he was sitting eating his dinner with the others.

But when she looked in to Mrs. Nash's, he was not there.

"You haven't found him, Anna!" cried Mrs. Nash.

"Not a sign of him. I wondered if perhaps he'd come back."

Mrs. Nash looked at each of the children in turn.

"Where is he?" she cried. "Nancy, you should have had sense enough to keep an eye on him. Where has he got himself to?"

Nancy began to cry. "He wouldn't come, Ma," she whimpered. "We had to pull him along to the wood and he ran away, after. I looked for him, then I thought he must have come home." The tears ran down her cheeks.

"Now stop that softness!" cried Mrs. Nash. "Nobody's blaming you, but you ought to have had more sense." She pulled on her coat. "I'll have another look round for him," she said. "If he comes back while I'm out, Nancy, run in and tell Anna."

Anna went home. Jim came in, black and weary, from the pit, and slumped in a chair while she prepared his dinner. A good, quiet lad. She was glad of him, although she had never expected to marry him. Just thirteen years ago, two men had been in the running for her, and neither had been Jim.

There had been Steve and there had been Gordon; both strong, passionate men; big men both, but light on their feet and good to dance with. She had loved dancing in those days.

If Jim went down the shaft,

Now both were gone. First Gordon had gone, secretly and to an unmarked grave. Then Steve had broken under the strain and had run away, without a word to her, to the war. He had fallen at Arnhem and after that the secret grave had become her own terrible burden.

SO she had turned to Jim, and Jim had brought an awkward tenderness and a great comfort, but little laughter. Sometimes she thought of the laughter that had sparked between herself and Steve. It had been that way with Gordon, too. Jim gave her all he could, but he could not ease the burden; and there was little laughter in him. And, since there would never be a child, she found some joy in little Tommy.

"Wash your hands and face, honey," she said. "It'll freshen you up for the meal."

He came back from the kitchen with a lighter step, the dust still clinging to his eyelids and to his bare arms above the wrists. "Met Mrs. Nash on the high road," he said, "looking for

there was no hope for her. Seeing the fear on her face, he smiled reassuringly. "Don't worry, lass, I've done this scores of times"

little Tommy. Said you'd been out looking for him, too. A worrier, that woman. Seemed to be working herself into a fair panic."

"He's stayed out a long time," Anna said. "He ought to be back."

"He'll be hungry soon." Jim seated himself before the piled-up plate. "That'll sharp drive him back."

"He should be hungry now. Unless he can't get back——"

She stopped, open-mouthed, bread in one hand, knife in the other. A little chill of fear ran through her. Tommy lost, a little figure on a long road with the wind moaning in the wires far above his head, or trudging over immense fields, tired and afraid. . . .

The little fear grew and coalesced with the great haunting fear of her life; and little Tommy in some way was now bound up with that dark nexus of which she and Steve and Gordon—and Jim—were part.

She left Jim to his bath and went outside, to find a little group of women talking at the corner. "Three hours now. Poor little bairn." "Wood. Quarry. River. . . ."

Mrs. Nash and another neighbour came stumbling over the rough ground from the high road. She had been weeping, her eyes were red-rimmed. And she fell to weeping again as the women assailed her with sympathy and advice. Anna, apart from it all, could see that something other than talk was needed, and walked quickly down to the policeman's house.

He had obviously been having a nap and was inclined to be resentful, as well as somewhat scornful about storms in teacups, molehills and spoilt kids that had no more sense than to stay out at mealtimes. But he rang his colleagues in surrounding villages, pulled on his tunic, and went down to interrogate Mrs. Nash and the children.

WOMEN went to search fields, wood and railway cutting. Anna took Mrs. Nash into the house and made her a cup of tea; the children, pale-faced and unnaturally quiet, she sent into the garden.

The policeman beckoned her out again. "There's the river," he said, meaningfully. "Is your man home? We could take a walk along the water together, one at each side." He went in search of Jim. A little later she heard their footsteps clatter on the pavement; then all was silence and waiting.

After two hours, the boy was still missing. At teatime, Jim and the policeman returned from the river. They had each taken a side and had walked two miles downstream from the point nearest the terrace, but, thank God, had seen nothing.

"Nothing to do but wait for the other stations to ring through when they find him," said the policeman, and went home to rest his feet and have a cup of tea.

Tom Nash came home from the pit, and at sight of him Mrs. Nash broke into a storm of hysteria from which she emerged first half-dazed, then with a kind of icy calm which was somehow more frightening than anything that had preceded it. And once again search parties were organized. The aim was to search every hedge, field, wood and ditch twice. The whole street took part. Among the men were a dozen or so still black from the pit, like Tom Nash. And Anna went, too.

As dusk came on, Anna found herself alone. She had walked along a wide ditch and her feet

Continued on page 26

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD (4) by Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley, D.S.O., M.C.

Betrayed – for a piece of apple

From the Korean hut where he hid, Farrar-Hockley heard the enemy soldier question the little girl. Then she spoke the word "Yungook"—Englishman

WHEN I RETURNED to the top of the hill, Duncan's clothes were dry; the morning wind had done its work. I gathered them in before returning to my observation post, where I sat down to think out the problem of getting his clothes back to him.

Duncan, an American air force pilot, had joined me for my third escape from the forced marches and prison camps of the Chinese and North Koreans. Soaked after swimming a river, we had sheltered in some disused trenches and dugouts on a hillside overlooking a village filled with Chinese soldiers.

As we dried our clothing in the wind and ate the few pieces of boiled corn I had begged from a friendly Korean couple, we had been surprised by Chinese troops foraging for wood. We had no time to hide, but lay still, fully exposed.

Then Duncan whispered to me: "I'm going to make a break for it. . . . As I'm going, I'll try to lead them away from you."

Clad only in his thin summer flying suit, he dashed away. The soldiers gave chase, and brought him back ten minutes later, taking him to their headquarters in the village below.

It was all-important that Duncan should have his clothes. It was now September; the weather would soon be turning cold. The prospect of spending a winter in North Korea in nothing but a thin summer flying suit was appalling; he would die.

I decided that the best plan was to enlist the aid of the Korean villagers, by handing over the clothing bundle to them and trusting to their fear of the Chinese to have it delivered to the local headquarters.

This also placed reliance in the Chinese to turn the clothes over to Duncan, but I faced that problem whatever I did—short of assaulting three armed guards in the centre of the village in daylight to return the clothes to him personally. I made my way to the edge of the village under cover of the trees and maize fields.

I spent many hours round the village, trying to get some villager to come near enough to effect a handover, but without result.

"I Knew I Must Surrender"

Gradually, very painfully, I accustomed myself to the idea that I should have to give myself up, hand over the clothes and go through all the business of escaping again. In the late afternoon I was forced to a final decision, when I saw them marching Duncan out of the far end of the village.

I stood up among the tall maize stalks, parted them and stepped out on to the village path. Ten minutes later I was in the local headquarters, handing over Duncan's clothes.

The Chinese were very surprised to see me, for we had travelled a long way from our original village and their communications were very poor. Their immediate reaction must have been that we were the survivors of an aircraft, shot down close by; but my Chinese shoes and our two towels, identical to their own, made them realize that we were not.

Whatever they thought, they understood that I had Duncan's clothes and that the two of us were associated. They made signs that I would join him shortly; and this was confirmed when a very dark-skinned, rat-faced Chinese appeared who spoke understandable, if limited, English. As dusk fell, he accompanied me from the village with three soldiers, chatting happily as we walked along, pausing after each sentence to see if the soldiers were watching. They were very impressed by his ability to speak to the queer foreigner in his own tongue, and he played up to them admirably.

An hour later we reached the village to which Duncan had been taken. I was allowed only a few moments with him and had been warned not to speak. I just said: "Hallo, Duncan, I've brought your clothes," before they took me out again very quickly.

The following afternoon Duncan and I were marched west to Namchon-jom, a town on the western railway. We left Namchon-jom in darkness, passengers in a lorry half-filled with empty tins of various sizes lashed down beneath an old tarpaulin. The main western highway, that runs from the Chinese border to Pusan in the far south, was packed with motor vehicles of Chinese and Russian origin, those going south piled high with stores.

A mile beyond Sinmak, we turned down a track which led to the east. Our speed was now greatly reduced as the surface of the road was exceptionally poor, and we were often ascending or descending considerable gradients among the mountains. Two of our guards were getting so sleepy that I was weighing up my chances of warning Duncan for a leap over the side into the pinewoods that ran right down to the road, when the truck halted with a jerk, the sentries woke up, and we were ordered to dismount.

Iron Bars In Bunker Doorway

In the beam of a flashlight I began to climb a winding path that led up the side of a hill, Duncan following. Halfway up, we came to two bunkers, in the doorways of which we saw iron bars set in stout pine-logs. We seemed to have arrived at a very secure prison.

A non-commissioned officer and two sentries were on duty at the bunkers, and the doors faced one another at a distance of about four feet. One sentry opened the doors while the others covered us with their weapons. A moment later I was inside one bunker; Duncan was in the other. The doors were closed behind us and fastened with stout padlocks. Our escort's footsteps died away along the path.

From the light of the sentries' torches outside I saw that I was in a cell whose walls, ceiling and floor were thick pine logs which would take a great deal of cutting through. Two Chinese were returning to their rest after being disturbed by my entry. From their clothing and fear of the guards, I presumed them to be prisoners serving sentences. I, too, lay down to sleep.

Normally, I am a restless sleeper, turning constantly from side to side. I quickly learned that such habits were not tolerated here. At the slightest sound from the straw mats on which we

Farrar-Hockley (left, front row) with Colonel Carne (centre) and other officers after landing in Korea. Captivity soon ruined his health, and he was semi-conscious during his fourth escape

Standing in their mud house, the Korean family stared at Farrar-Hockley. He could see no hostility in their eyes—only kindness, shyness, curiosity

lay, one of the guards would shine his torch through the bars of the door, while the other poked at the offending body with a sharp steel rod.

My shoes having been removed, I received the point of this rod in the sole of my foot about ten minutes after I had entered the cell. For the remainder of the night I lay as still as I could, but turned involuntarily several times, to be awakened by the chastisement of the guards. It was an unpleasant night.

In the morning, we were allowed out to visit the latrine once, at the time when breakfast appeared—a breakfast of millet, accompanied by some hot, dirty water containing a cabbage leaf. Duncan had only one Chinese in his cell, but, like mine, his fellow-prisoner was terrified of the guards, almost jumping out of his skin when they addressed him.

We were not permitted to lie down, or even to doze in a sitting position during the hours of daylight. I contrived to sit with my back against the wall in the deepest shadows of the bunker to catch up on my night's sleep. Fortunately, after a time the guards got tired of trying to see whether I was awake or not, and I had a good nap—until one of my cell-mates reported me to the guard commander, when he came in to make the regulations clear with the toe of his boot. The informer got a dry biscuit from the guards for his trouble.

The evening meal of millet appeared; we made our second latrine run of the day. Another uneasy night was passed in the timbered cell. On the following morning, I began to feel that my escape might take rather longer than I had intended. At breakfast time, I managed to pass a few words to Duncan and we agreed that, if the opportunity arose, each must escape without waiting for the other. The morning and afternoon passed as before. The evening millet arrived, accompanied by a thin fish soup that was excellent: though it was tasteless, there was a distinct aroma of whiting as one bent down to the dish.

As I prepared to go back to my cell—Duncan had already been returned to his—a Chinese came down the pathway from the hilltop, carrying a paper which he handed to the guard commander. At the same time he indicated that I should remain where I was. Duncan was released from his cell and, with two other soldiers who appeared, we were marched away. Two more soldiers joined us, at the point where we had dismounted from the truck two nights before, and we set off in a party along the track.

Suddenly Realized He Was Ill

Soon, we left this for a narrow path which we followed for about two miles, travelling northwest. Another Korean village received us, another company of Chinese soldiers took us over. Duncan and I were placed in separate bunkers, oil drums were rolled into the doorways, and we were left for the night. I was so tired that I fell asleep almost immediately.

After breakfast the next morning—millet again—I was allowed to visit the latrine, and made the best use of my few minutes in the open to see how my bunker lay in relation to the outside world. I think that I first realized that I was sick when I went outside; I felt very faint when I stood up, and after a few paces vomited.

Immediately, I thought it was merely an attack of tonsillitis; my throat was becoming swollen and painful in a way I had experienced before. In addition to this, the cut in my foot, caused by the steel rod, was turning septic. I decided to ask if there was a doctor or medical orderly in the village, showing the sentry my foot. He was a good-natured fellow, I am sure. He clicked his tongue when he saw how swollen and inflamed the cut appeared, nodded when I drew a cross in the sand.

Began To Burrow His Way Out

For two days I worked on a tunnel, carefully getting rid of the earth by scattering it over the floor under the straw. On the second day, a medical orderly appeared as I returned from the morning visit to the latrine; a pleasant, smiling little man, who dressed my foot very competently but regretted that he had nothing to give me for my throat. I noticed that he looked at my eyes very closely after he had examined my throat, turning me round to face the sunlight so that he could see more clearly.

I tried to ask him what he was so interested in, but our sign language was insufficiently comprehensive for him to tell me. As I crawled back into my bunker, I reflected that he was probably curious at seeing a man with blue eyes.

Next day I could eat nothing, but knowing how badly I should need food, I stored it away against future needs, hoping that the millet would not turn sour.

On returning from the latrine in the morning, I was horrified to see two of the local officers

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NASH

Tough, hilly Korean country added to Farrar-Hockley's escape difficulties. When the heel of his shoe split, he sewed it back on with a nail and wire

inspecting the inside of the bunker with flashlights and poking at the walls. One of them came out and addressed me angrily in Chinese, shaking his finger at me.

It was very difficult to pretend that I was at ease; my heart was beating violently. Why were they going over the bunker? Why was the outside now being examined? What had the Chinese said to me so threateningly?

I sat down by the bunker to wait, knowing that they only had to pull away some stones to find the entrance to my tunnel. Even now, the second officer was emerging with a stone in his hand. He joined the man examining the outside of the bunker, engaged him in a short conversation and then—they both made off! The sentry returned me to the bunker, where I lay for many hours like the most model prisoner, fearful that they were waiting for me to make a move that would reveal the tunnel. But no one came and, after several hours of darkness, I returned to work.

Praised Their Leaders In Song

Each evening, the bulk of the village garrison went up to the hillside opposite my bunker. There they followed a routine common among Chinese troopers in Korea: they learned a song in praise of their leaders, or in denunciation of their enemies—in the latter case, the Americans were the favourite subject. Their evening exercise accomplished, they would round off the meeting with a few rousing choruses of those songs they had learned previously.

As my fourth night in the village drew on, I heard the troops pass along the path below my bunker with their rather slow marching step. Soon after, a pleasant tenor voice began to sing on the hill across the valley, the troops repeating the words after him, line by line. I approached the oil drum and put my eye to the crack. By good fortune, the sentry was within my limited line of vision, standing by the tree, looking up at the heavens. There would never be a better opportunity than this.

On my side, I crawled back to the far end of the bunker and removed the stones which had hidden the tunnel I had dug with my hands and a piece of sharp wood, torn from the roof-timbers. It was a small tunnel and I am a wide chap. I had measured off the width and physically tested the entrance by wriggling into it, but could not risk going farther.

Tunnel Would Be Tight Squeeze

I realized now that it was going to be a tight squeeze. I had to clear away about another foot of earth before I broke out on to the hillside, and I knew that I must make at least one trip back into the bunker to see what the sentry was doing. I would have laboured in vain if I appeared on the far side of the tunnel to find him peering down to see what sort of a mole would emerge; for my point of exit lay on his beat. Yet I could not make the journey up and down the tunnel too many times—the sides or roof might well fall in.

As soon as I estimated that I had only a few more inches to clear, I wriggled back into the bunker to look for the sentry. It was now twilight; I could only just see the tree. The sentry was not there. I waited for some time, wondering where on earth he could be on the beat. A moment later, the crack at the side of the oil drum became dark and I heard his footsteps.

He was standing right outside my bunker. If he came in now, my plans would be discovered. I sat in the darkness, expecting that the oil drum would be pulled back at any moment and the light of his torch shine in.

He was so close that I could hear him breathing. Time dragged in the darkness. I seemed to have been sitting there for hours. Then, hawking and spitting, he strolled on in the direction of Duncan's bunker. A few minutes later I could see his outline by the tree.

Now was the time to move quickly. I slid into the tunnel and worked my body up it to the point where the earth sealed me off from the outside. I dug my wooden spike into the earth, tore away with my hands, packing the earth into the sides of the tunnel.

After about a minute the earth broke under my hand and I felt the chill night air on my flesh. I had reached the end of the tunnel. I got my shoulders through the opening and was able to look over the top of the bunker.

The sentry was talking to a friend nearby. He had his back to me—but was less than twenty feet away. Slowly I emerged from the tunnel; the ground seemed to resound with every grain of earth that fell back behind me. I stole across to the maize which lay on the far side, entered it and crawled up the hill towards the bushes on the upper slopes.

Five minutes more and I reached the burial clearing just below the crest. I leaped up from the bushes, doubled across the open ground and ran as fast as I could along the path that led between the fields beyond, heading for the hill to the north. For the moment my sickness was forgotten; I felt no fatigue.

I was still climbing when I heard a rifle shot from the valley I had just left. Another followed a few seconds later. It could only have been a short time before the wretched sentry, circling his beat, had become aware of a pile of loose earth on the hillside and had rolled the oil drum away from the bunker entrance to find the bird had flown! I reached the dense underbrush just below the hilltop and sat down to see what line and form the enemy pursuit would take—if any: following a man in darkness on that hard ground was impossible, I believed.

Apparently, the Chinese thought that it was

not. Ten minutes later I heard voices shouting from either side of the track that led due west. Torches began to flash. Once I heard the sound of dogs barking, and feared that they might have put some on my trail. A moment later I realized this was nonsense: I had merely heard the village dogs demanding to know what all the excitement was about.

The shouting died away as I went through the brush over the top of the hill, making for the pinewoods through which we had come on the truck from Sinmak. There I should find cover among the trees, and water to quench the thirst that escape had given me.

My journey to the west had begun!

There were many difficulties in making the journey to the coast. The flooded rice-paddy that I met again and again caused me to make detours in the early stages. There were rivers without fords or stepping stones, which had to be swum; and the effort involved taxed my few reserves of physical strength considerably.

Knew His Illness Was Jaundice

After three days I realized why the Chinese medical orderly had peered so curiously into my eyes: it was not the blue iris which had interested him, but the yellow that had spread over the white.

When I looked at my reflection in a pool of clear water, I saw that my face was yellow. I had jaundice. My tonsillitis, too, was troubling me a good deal. I swallowed with difficulty the maize that I took from the fields each day. Throughout each night journey the hills and valleys seemed determined to hinder me, for ever lying across my course, never with it.

It took me two days to return to Sinmak; two days later, I was still only a dozen miles past it. Resting on some pine branches after my night march, I realized that I would have to devise a different system of travel if I were to hope for success.

Originally, I had based my calculations on a fifteen-day journey from the point of escape to the nearest suitable point on the coast. On arrival there I had to be prepared to take anything up to three days to find a boat, bringing the total estimated time to eighteen days. It was now clear that I was not going to cover the distance in fifteen days, since I was not covering ten miles a day—the estimate on which I had based my calculations. As the sun rose and I ate my morning meal of maize, I decided on a new plan.

Few Soldiers—And Less Danger

Although I was anxious to make up for lost time, I realized, as I marched along during the afternoon, that I could hardly have risked moving in daylight before. East of the main highway that runs through Sinmak every village was packed with troops or depots or both. In the area of the town there were many administrative units, including numbers of railway repair gangs, who lived in caves in the hills to the west as well as to the east: there were few buildings unbombed in Sinmak.

Now, moving into the huge western peninsula, I saw very few soldiers; which accounted for Byron's information that we had established a bomb-line approximately ten miles west of the main highway, and that our aircraft were forbidden to operate west of this line apart from reconnaissance and special missions. I was fortunate, too, in that the general line of the hills began to favour me at last, running towards the coast and not parallel to it, except for odd ranges which I often managed to avoid.

In spite of the frequent river crossings I felt satisfied that my strength was going to last, for I was doing more than ten miles a day. After twelve days I began to look over each hill for a sign of the sea.

About this time my shoes began to cause me

Continued on page 39

Farrar-Hockley ran from the house and crossed the track, heading for the cover of the maize on the far side. At that moment, four armed Chinese appeared: they gave a shout as they saw him

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Using a Geiger counter, Sydney Christie (centre) tests a sample of Rum Jungle ore for uranium. With him are two of the scientists on the project

Rum Jungle scrambles to get rich quick

by KEITH ELLIS

Sydney Christie pays his miners nearly £50 a week to get Australian uranium—and keeps their wives happy by giving them washing-machines

SOUTHPORT, Australia

AN IMPORTANT SHIPMENT of iron was expected at Darwin, a tropical seaport in Australia's vast and wild Northern Territory. It did not arrive, and Sydney Christie was seriously disturbed. As the manager of Territory Enterprises Proprietary, Christie urgently needed the iron at Rum Jungle, the uranium field which the government has asked his company to develop.

"The firm supplying the iron had missed the boat," he says. "There wasn't another for eight weeks and the voyage from Sydney would have taken two weeks more. We couldn't wait."

At once Christie wired his Sydney office, asking them to buy a second lot of iron and to send it overland, a somewhat desperate request in view of the distance—nearly two thousand miles—and Australia's chaos of differing railway gauges. "The journey took three weeks and cost us three times as much as the sea route," says Christie, "but we just had to have that iron."

His desperate hurry was due to the fact that for the completion of the Rum Jungle project, he has an almost impossible deadline to meet. "At the end of 1952, the government asked us the minimum time it would take us to sink a shaft, build a treatment plant and actually produce uranium oxide concentrate," he explains. "We said two years—at the very least. The officials said they wanted the concentrate within eighteen months. We said we'd try but frankly, I don't think we shall make it."

A wiry, brisk, neat little man of forty, Christie has spent his life in a variety of construction projects all over Australia. In a desperate effort to meet his deadline, he has adopted extraordinary methods at Rum Jungle. Men work twelve or more hours a day for six and sometimes seven days a week. Key materials are rushed to the site in the least possible time.

One morning recently, Christie found a large piece of machinery idle for want of a shaft. The nearest place where he could obtain one was Newcastle, a seaport a hundred miles north of Sydney. He rang a Newcastle company associated with T.E.P., asked them to buy one, and

Christie built these workshops for processing uranium ore. The 420-foot mine-shaft on the right was sunk in record time. High wages are paid, and labourers

arranged for it to be carried by road to Sydney and flown on the overnight service from Sydney to Darwin. "It cost us £80," says Christie, "but it was worth it for the time saved. We had it by the next morning."

The startling progress made, leaves no doubt that Christie's shock methods are paying off. When he came to Rum Jungle at the end of 1952 he found a few shacks, half a dozen unfinished houses and a headframe. Government geologists had explored some of the surrounding countryside and mining contractors had started underground development in the mine. All around was green scrubland ranged by kangaroos and wild buffalo, with a few crocodiles in the waterholes. "At that time," says Christie, "Rum Jungle was little more than a prospecting camp."

Since then, he has sunk the mine-shaft to 420 feet, installed a winder in the headframe, and built a store, four workshops and a power-station. In the nearby village of Batchelor which T.E.P. has been commissioned to build for the mineworkers, he has completed a school, thirty-one more houses and permanent quarters for 120 single men and women. Work is also well advanced on the rest of the project.

"It's Easy To Find Uranium"

Although Christie refuses to say just how rich the uranium ore at Rum Jungle is likely to prove, it is already known that the field is potentially richer than any individual field in the United States. The uranium occurs as pitchblende which yields Uranium 235, the most valuable source of atomic energy. Already £1 million has been invested in Rum Jungle on the principle that the uranium is strategically necessary, irrespective of the commercial return.

The breakneck development of Rum Jungle is symptomatic of Australia's scramble for uranium. The only place where it is yet being mined in quantity is Radium Hill, South Australia, an abandoned radium mine rediscovered in 1944 and developed as a state enterprise.

Meanwhile, throughout the continent, but mainly in South Australia and the Northern Territory, professional and amateur prospectors are humping Geiger counters over likely looking country. Sydney Tennyson, an engineer with a Northern Territory beef company who made a rich find during a weekend expedition, says: "It's easy to find uranium—provided you haven't any technical knowledge. If you're a geologist, you're sunk."

Tennyson's theory gains support from the experience of three men who now own the second richest uranium find in the Northern Territory. Early in 1953, Joe Young, Syd Mazlin and Jim Cousin were working together in a tin mine on the Edith River, which they jointly own as the Y.M.C. Syndicate.

One Saturday they found themselves short of food, and Mazlin, taking advantage of an arrangement with the owner of an adjoining cattle station, shot a bullock. His bullet failed to kill, and the wounded beast plunged into the bush. Leaping into a truck, Mazlin followed. When the bullock took shelter in a heavily wooded gully, he got out and killed it.

Almost immediately, however, he lost interest in the bullock. An experienced prospector, he saw that the country was faulted and he knew that he could expect to find minerals there. Excited, he drove back to fetch his partners. They agreed that the formations he had discovered were typical of autunite, one of the commoner forms of uranium in Australia. Since none of them had first-hand experience of uranium, they sent to Adelaide for a Geiger counter.

The next two months were the most anxious of the partners' lives. The air trip over the centre of Australia is almost invariably bumpy, and when they collected their Geiger counter they found it irreparably damaged. Immediately they ordered another, but this, too, was smashed. So was the third. Only when the fourth arrived, eight weeks later, were they able to confirm what they had all along suspected: that the rocks at Edith River were radio-active. Their find has since been confirmed as one of the richest strikes of all. In weekend prospecting parties, Young, Mazlin and Cousin have discovered several more radio-active areas.

Rum Jungle itself was discovered accidentally. A prospector called John Michael White had found tin there two years before, and after selling his leases to a public company, built himself a galvanized shack in the bush nearby, and set up as a farmer of tropical fruit.

A few miles away from his shack was a railway siding officially called The 58th Mile. In the 1880's, the driver of a bullock wagon carting food and liquor to the gold workings at Pine Creek had met two Northbound teamsters at this spot and, making camp with them for the night, had broached a keg of rum. Hours later, the three men fell into a drunken sleep, not noticing that the keg was still dripping. By morning, the fresh water spring by which they were camping had developed a delicious flavour of rum. Since then the area has been known as Rum Jungle.

One day, White was shooting kangaroos at Rum Jungle when he happened to notice some old copper workings. Out of interest, he examined them. They resembled illustrations of radio-active metals in a government guide he had picked up on one of his rare trips to Darwin.

Next time he went into Darwin, he took with him a sample of the rock. The Mines Branch registrar confirmed his suspicions and sent a sample to the Mines Department.

Almost immediately, the Federal Government took over the Hundred of Goyder, in which Rum Jungle is situated, declared the whole 168 square miles a prohibited area and for months explored it with Geiger counters and diamond drills. They then appointed T.E.P. to exploit it. White collected a reward of £20,000, with which he has so far bought only a rotary hoe and a second-hand truck.

It was in November, 1952, that Christie was appointed general manager of T.E.P. for the Rum Jungle project. An engineering graduate of Sydney University, he had worked for ten years on a power station before being appointed general manager of National Oil, a company formed to extract oil from shale in New South Wales. "The oil project folded in 1951," says Christie. "After two smaller jobs, I joined Consolidated Zinc, the parent company of T.E.P."

In a Melbourne office, he drew up estimates of the facilities and money they would need. "I decided that the first things we wanted were a ship-load of timber, two thousand tons of cement, tools and various appliances." He set up an office in Darwin and, from then on, spent two nights a week in Rum Jungle. Later he moved to Batchelor.

Keeping The Wives Happy

When his house was ready, his wife joined him with their children, John, aged eleven, Julie, nine, and David, six. John now attends a boarding-school in New South Wales. Julie and David go to the one-teacher school at Batchelor.

Christie is satisfied that he can attract single men to Rum Jungle, if only because the pay is good. "The minimum basic wage is over eleven guineas a week," he says. With overtime, labourers commonly make £16 a week, and miners, in a good week's piece-work, may make almost £50. "But the only way of getting a

commonly earn £16 a week with their overtime

stable labour force is to engage married men and put them in houses." For this reason, the development plan has laid almost as much stress on building the township of Batchelor as on building the mine and treatment plant.

Since Christie believes that the best way of keeping a man is to make his wife happy, the houses have been designed as lavishly as possible. Apart from his own house, which is bigger than the rest, there are three kinds—senior staff, junior staff and wages houses. The senior houses, which cost about £4,800, are built on eight-foot piles capped with zinc to keep out insects, and have a garage and laundry underneath. They have three bedrooms, a lounge-dining-room, kitchen and bathroom. They also have a refrigerator and a spin-dry electric washing-machine.

The junior staff houses are slightly smaller and not raised. The wages houses are smaller still, with two bedrooms, a lounge, kitchen-dinette and bathroom. They have an electric wash-boiler instead of a washing-machine and a wire-stretcher bed instead of a spring mattress. Included for the weekly rent of £2 is furniture (except for floor coverings and expendable items like cutlery and linen) and a "reasonable" amount of electricity.

Following a common practice in Australia, Christie decided to give the streets Aboriginal names. "I picked about twenty out of the dictionary in ten minutes," he says. "The only one chosen with malice aforethought was the one in which I live. I decided to call it Pindara Crescent —which means Old Man Crescent. I knew that was one of the names they would call me."

Christie foresees few material difficulties once the building is completed. "Our future problems are likely to be not technical but staffing difficulties," he says. "Rum Jungle is the nearest place to the Equator where all work is done exclusively by white men. In other tropical places, a white tradesman would be supervising twenty or thirty coloured men."

Rum Jungle's climate is moderate in winter, but it is unpleasantly hot in summer, and in the rainy season is both hot and wet. Torrential rain may fall for days at a time, and when it stops the rising steam bites into metal. Minute fungus growths turn cloth and leather a bright green.

After dusk, mosquitoes and sandflies sting maddeningly. In one week, four men were bitten by red-backed spiders which may kill a child or a man with a weak heart. Scorpions and centipedes give bites only slightly less nasty. There are also venomous snakes.

Christie's personnel officer, John Tonkin, a lean enthusiast with a long, ascetic face, deep-set eyes and cropped hair, says that in one year a number of men equivalent to one and a half times the total labour force leave their jobs. "Many stay for only three or four months," says Tonkin. "No-hopers last only a few days."

One of the shortest periods ever worked was by two cook's assistants. "They stuck it for just two days," says Tonkin, "but with six hundred lunches to prepare and another 550 meals in the evening, they decided it was too much like the real thing."

Police Seek Wanted Men

The construction workers at Rum Jungle live mainly in rows of canvas tents, which rapidly become waterlogged in the rainy season. Bearded and bronzed, most of the men are migrant workers who pass from job to job without intending to settle down. "There are some men glad to be away from home," says Tonkin, "even if they have to send back an allowance." Others are what he calls "wife-duckers" — husbands evading maintenance orders.

Every week, the Darwin police bring Tonkin a list of wanted men. Since each worker has been photographed by the company before being employed, identification is easy. "Two wanted men have been found here," he says. Another man, whom the police want for a maintenance order, has disappeared three times when he thought it was getting too hot, but each time we have re-employed him. He has always managed to keep one jump ahead of the police."

Once the village, mining and treatment plant are completed, the construction workers will be laid off and the mine-workers and geologists will live in married or single quarters at Batchelor. As against the present labour force of seven hundred, there will eventually be permanent accommodation for eighty-five married men, 198 single men and eighteen single women.

Although Tonkin foresees the day when a man will be able to take his wife to the community centre for a meal of steak and chips before watching a cinema show from comfortable seats in the lounge, conditions at present are rugged, especially for the women.

Dancing—On The Airstrip

Mrs. Lorna Thomas, the slim, attractive wife of the chief geologist, came to Rum Jungle when there were only six houses and one rough track. Today she can either shop at the village store or take a free bus ride into Darwin on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The only films she sees, however, are projected on to a wobbly outdoor screen at the end of a cleared piece of bush. Upturned petrol tins serve for seats. "The other night," she says, "it was pouring with rain. We watched the film wrapped up in blankets and raincoats."

Besides the cinema, run by the recreation club, entertainment consists mainly of parties, some of them unorthodox. One evening a time-keeper called Ken Murphy put his head round the door at seven o'clock and said to Thomas and his wife: "There's a barbecue at eight—on the airfield." Curious, they made their way there. In the centre of the landing strip, a large bonfire was blazing and around it, supported on a wire mesh, mutton chops were sizzling appetizingly. There was a stock of beer and a gramophone playing dance music.

"After we'd eaten," recalls Mrs. Thomas, "we danced on the airstrip. Would you find that happening anywhere else but Rum Jungle?"

THE END

Construction workers live ruggedly in the tropical climate; some stay only a few months. But family houses with washing-machines are going up fast

Lorna Thomas, the chief geologist's wife, can either buy her stores at the camp's only shop or travel seventy miles to the nearest town

George Sleis, a Czech immigrant, grew these tomatoes beside his tent. Eighteen months ago the area was scrubland, ranged by kangaroos

Margo with the golden hair

by ***ARTHUR MAYSE***

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTTON

Here, with her, it would be paradise. But a stronger voice was calling to him now—drawing him away . . .

UNLESS YOU KNOW the British Columbia upcoast, the chances are you never heard tell of Nils Sontag, the Swedish boy, and his coon-cat Kemkuk that sailed with him to find the red Norwegian. This Nils was an orphan, a tough kid, a lot too much for his Uncle Holstrum to handle. Big for his seventeen years and brassy as a jaybird, but no thief. That's why he had to find the red-haired Norski to clear himself of thievery.

Three jobs Nils had lost that summer on account of arguments over the coon-cat, which along with an honest name was all his dad had left him. Old man Holstrum was away trying to find the boy another job when this Norski drove down to Maquinna government dock.

"I have come for my engine," he said, and jerked his thumb at a heavy-duty Columbia, standing under a tarpaulin. "Would you be so kind to help me load her, mister?"

"Why, sure," Nils told him. He was a willing lad for all his brash ways, and felt pretty important, being left in charge of the dock and called "mister" by a grown man.

He set the little grey coon-cat off his knees and he and the fisherman grunted the engine into the truck. After a pleasant chat and a bottle of Old Man Holstrum's beer, the red Norwegian drove away, and that was all until Nils's uncle returned from Vancouver next evening.

"Yobs ain't so easy to find," he told Nils, who lounged against the caretaker's shack with Kemkuk perched on his shoulder, the coon-cat's banded tail looped lovingly round the boy's neck and the masked face nuzzling his yellow hair. "Maybe was you to tell your last boss you're sorry you heaved him in the millpond. . . ."

"Sorry, hell," Nils said. "He cracked wise about there being no such animal as a coon-cat. Anyway, I fished him out, didn't I?"

"But you got to work somewhere, boy."

"Oh, no, I haven't," Nils answered, careless and saucy. "I'm your ward, Unc, remember? The law says you look out for me till I'm of age."

HE stared at his uncle with a hard blue eye, and Kemkuk stared with a yellowy-green one, and Old Man Holstrum sighed and drew a hand across his moustaches.

"Nils," he said, "I don't see the Columbia engine that belongs to Dirk Voorstraaten."

"A guy called for it," Nils said. "A Norski. I helped him load it in a truck."

"You saw his bill of sale? You learned from him his name and where he keeps his boat?"

"Why bother? He was real friendly. He told me he had a coon-cat himself, the only other one on the coast, and wanted I should partner up with him. I might have, too, except fishing is hard work."

Old Man Holstrum's long, sad face grew longer and sadder.

"Nils," he said. "Do you know what you've done? You've made yourself an accessory after the fact."

"A what?"

"You've helped someone steal Dirk Voorstraaten's four hundred dollar engine," the old caretaker said. "And if I know Dirk, before long will come Mounties with handcuffs and grand larceny warrants looking for you and your Norwegian friend."

"Don't panic, Unc," Nils said, not at all worried. "I'll find him. I'll beat his ears off and fetch the Dutchman's engine back!"

"Good luck," his uncle said. "It appears to me you will need it."

THEY didn't know anything about any red Norwegian at the cannery dock or the fuel barges, or at the icehouse wharf either. For just about the first time in his young life, Nils Sontag began to worry.

He eased Kemkuk inside his shirt, a boy with a coon-cat being conspicuous in a little town like Maquinna, and sneaked home by the alleys.

"You think I ought to turn myself in?" he asked Old Man Holstrum, who had started supper on the fire. "After all, when I tell the cops how it was, they'll believe me."

"Me," his uncle said, and gave the warmed-over mulligan a stir, "I believe you, but only because you are my dead sister's son. Policemen don't believe too easy, though, Nils, specially when they have had an eye on you for some time, and when this man you speak of, this red Norwegian, appears to have taken himself and the Dutchman's engine off into thin air."

He ladled a bowl of stew for himself and another for Nils. "Eat hearty, my poor boy," he said. "I hear they don't feed so good at the jail."

Nils was a good eater most times, but he pushed his bowl away. "Uncle Holstrum," he said, with a wobble in his voice, "what am I going to do?"

His uncle pondered on it through two helpings of mulligan. "You know my Rivers Inlet skiff," he said at last, "the one you claim was Noah's tender on the ark?"

Nils didn't reply, and his uncle told him solemn and slow, "She is yours, Nils. For my sister's sake I make you a gift of her. I will have a nap now, and I hope when I wake up, you and your unnatural pet will be gone in the skiff like a bad dream."

He raised himself on an elbow and looked at her.

"All right, Uncle Holstrum," Nils said. He shoved back his chair. The coon-cat was in his arms, the quaver gone from his voice. "I'll go. Only I'm not running away, understand. I'll find that red Norwegian and bring him back here with Dirk's engine if I have to chase him clear to the Aleutians!"

"Goodbye, nephew," his uncle said, with his eyes already closed.

Nils wrapped a loaf of bread and a nip of cheese in the blanket off his cot. He drew the leaky old Rivers Inlet skiff from under the dock and settled Kemkuk in the sternsheets and tossed in a bailing scoop. He cleared Maquinna Harbour with the last of the August daylight, expecting to hear the police launch hooter rouse behind him every stroke.

He rowed in the eye of the rising moon and he rowed the moon down astern of him. North he pulled, with the coon-cat asleep on his blanket and the water seeping first around his toes, then creeping up his ankles. Rowing and bailing, bailing and rowing, sleeping by day and

She was thumbing through a catalogue, marking an item here and there. "What's so interesting?" he asked. She said calmly: "I'm picking my trousseau"

travelling by night, he hauled his skiff all the way north to Yucclutaws Rapids, where he learned that hell isn't fire but a ten-knot tide, and near drowned in the learning.

The Yucclutaws spat him clear. He pulled across to Big Hamatsa Island, with his eyes sunk in his head from hunger and weariness, and there on a beach of crushed shell he saw a mermaid combing her golden hair.

She got up as the skiff grated on the bottom. Nils saw then that she wasn't any mermaid but a mortal girl with a mean look in her eye and a fish knife in her hand. What had fooled him in his worn-down condition was her hair, which was even lighter than his own, and her old blue jeans plastered thick with salmon scales.

"Shove off," she ordered him.

"It's the Queen's beach," he croaked, "and you ain't the Queen."

He staggered through the shallows and pitched on his face at the edge of the tide. Kemkuk, who didn't like to get his feet wet, used him for a bridge to stroll ashore.

He woke among driftlogs, with his head on his folded blanket and the beach heaving gently under him, the way it does when you've been too long afloat. Kemkuk purred by his ear. He could see the grooves his heels had cut when the girl dragged bim across the shingle, and he could smell bacon frying and coffee making.

The yellow-haired girl sat cross-legged on the other side of her fire, making ticks in a mail order catalogue on her lap with a pencil stub, while the bacon spat and hissed in the pan.

Nils reared up on his elbow.

"What's your name?" he asked. "And what's so interesting?"

"I'm picking my trousseau," the girl said, "and my name's Margo Eliasen, not that it's any of your business." The mean look was still in her blue eyes, the knife stuck handy in a log beside her. "I'll fix you a meal," she told him, "then you're on your way. I know all about dudes with long haircuts. We had one in Daddy's logging camp this spring, till Brick Bjornsson rang him off."

"This Brick Bjornsson," Nils asked her. "Is he a red Norwegian?"

The girl looked at him. "With a name like that," she said crankily, "what do you think?"

"And does he have a coon-cat?"

"What's a coon-cat?"

"That's a coon-cat," Nils told her, and pointed at Kemkuk scouting for needlefish below. "He's half a cat and half a coon, and far as I know there's only one other on all this coast. This one is called Kemkuk on account of the Indians not being able to get their tongues around Captain Cook."

"What on earth has Captain Cook to do with it?" Margo Eliasen asked him, frowning hard at Kemkuk.

Nils settled to his bacon and eggs. "He didn't exactly start the breed," he said, "but he sure helped to keep it going." It wasn't often he tried to explain about coon-cats, but she was a pretty girl in spite of her cross face, and her heart must have been kind, else she wouldn't have fed him. "Captain Cook's ship's tomcat did, I mean, by taking shore leave on Coon Island near two hundred years ago. My dad used to say a coon-cat is the luckiest partner a fisherman can

Continued on page 29

Trevor Bailey makes a battle out of cricket

by DON EVERITT

He loves the crowd, the big match, the last wicket stand on a sticky pitch. Cricket is a personal battle—and if the game fails to produce a crisis, Bailey will create one

THE LEEDS TEST was slipping steadily from the Australians' grasp. For three hours, Trevor Bailey, aided by England's tailend batsmen and scoring fewer than nine runs an hour, had presented a dour dead-bat defence to the Australian bowlers. Now he faced Keith Miller again. The first ball of the over beat his bat and just missed the stumps.

Eagerly, Miller ran up to bowl again, but the umpire stopped him. Bailey was re-examining the field placing—a device, among others, which had legitimately helped to prolong his innings. Miller now flung down a bumper, rapping Bailey's fingers. The third ball flew straight at the batsman's head.

"I realized Miller was annoyed," Bailey says, "so I gave him something to be annoyed about. The bumper hadn't really hurt, but now I dropped my bat, threw off my gloves and nursed my fingers for a couple of minutes." Bailey went on to score thirty-eight runs in four hours twenty minutes and saved England from defeat. *Wisden* lists his innings as the slowest piece of Test batting by an Englishman since 1886.

No player did more to regain the Ashes for England last year than Trevor Bailey. Earlier, in the Lord's Test, he had a match-saving, four-hour partnership with Watson, of Yorkshire. In the Leeds game, he also prevented the Australians rushing to victory in the last forty-five minutes by bowling accurately at the leg-stump to a leg-side field. Finally, in the decisive Fifth Test, he scored sixty-four runs to give England a comfortable first-innings lead.

A boyish thirty-year-old with dark curly hair and bright blue eyes, Bailey says he is not especially proud of his newly won reputation as a contemporary Stonewall Jackson. "Unfortunately, Test cricket is not just a game. National prestige is involved. If we can't win, we must do everything not to lose. No one dislikes the situation more than I do."

But this is only a superficial reason for Bailey's dogged display of concentration on the cricket field. Bailey certainly does not play cricket well enough for Test selection purely because he is charged with a patriotic fervour.

It has been said that if a crisis does not exist in a game of cricket, Bailey will create one. This comment results from the fact that Bailey usually plays at his best only when the odds are against him and his team.

Last year, when his county club, Essex, collapsed on a sticky wicket at Chelmsford against Worcester, Bailey revelled in the situation. He scored 75 out of 169, and his side won. In similar conditions against Middlesex at Lord's, and against Northampton at Kettering, he gave similar performances, but in all other county matches he played unexceptionally. "His lack of concentration when runs are cheap has often been very annoying," says Douglas Insole, the Essex captain. "In Test matches he is a brilliant fielder, but for the county he can put down quite simple catches."

During the first weeks of the 1950-51 tour of Australia, Bailey played so poorly that at least one cricket writer suggested he should be sent home. Just before the First Test, however, his game improved. In the Test itself he returned the highly creditable figures of seven wickets for fifty runs.

"Trevor worked himself up for that series," says Reg Simpson, the Nottinghamshire captain, who was Bailey's room-mate on the tour. "You could see he didn't intend wasting himself on the smaller games. He has the big match temperament."

Bailey admits that he prefers big odds in any game. Playing a low-scoring, good innings on a difficult wicket gives him a sense of achievement which he does not get from scoring a century on an easy wicket. "I love a big crowd," he says. "I love some reaction, favourable or unfavourable, from the players or the spectators. I find it exhilarating."

Playing against odds brings out the best in Bailey. In this Australian Test match his thumb was fractured by a fast ball. A doctor strapped up the thumb—and Bailey played on one-handed

Played On With Torn Muscle

Frequently, Bailey produces his better cricket when the odds are personally against him through some injury. Playing at Leeds against the South Africans, he tore a muscle. Given procaine injections to lessen the pain, he went out and scored ninety-odd runs. In Australia, a fast ball from Lindwall struck his thumb. He left the field, unable to grip his bat. A hospital X-ray showed a fracture. A doctor strapped up the thumb and Bailey returned to the crease and batted defensively through the day. In the second innings he again turned out to bat—one-handed.

During his cricket career, Bailey has suffered numerous injuries. He has broken fingers, sprained muscles and been bruised so often that one press box critic said recently: "Bailey must suffer more pain from the game than the rest of the cricketing community put together."

His iron determination to succeed, particularly on big occasions, has brought him considerable criticism. One Australian said after last year's tour that Bailey was "less of a sportsman than I imagined him to be." Even Douglas Insole says that Bailey still plays cricket too hard. "At one time Trevor practically spat on the wicket when he went in to bat." Characteristically, Bailey speaks of matches as contests and battles.

He has not always been as popular as he is today. "Not so long ago, Trevor was rather a lone wolf on the cricket field," says Alfred Spelling, a former Essex County Cricket Club treasurer, who has known Bailey since he was a boy. This situation arose partly because Bailey tended to be intolerant. A harsh self-critic, he

Mother waits for a catch as Kim Bailey takes a swipe at father's bowling. Trevor, like his son, began playing at three—on the mud at Southend

indulged in temperamental outbursts of swearing or throwing the ball on the ground if another player made a mistake at his expense. It was often noticed that his bowling deteriorated after a dropped catch or two. "In the last two years," Insole says, "Trevor has become a mature cricketer."

Many people have misunderstood Bailey. His brother Basil says: "Trevor's diffidence has often been mistaken for conceit." Bailey's bearing—he holds his head high and to one side—and his poor memory for faces have helped to further this impression. The fact is that he is over-modest. He hates the first person singular and much prefers understatement.

"It takes a long time to know Trevor," says his wife, Greta. "He is really quite shy. Any uppish manner he has is a sort of cover for his shyness. But for his shyness I am sure he would have gone farther in cricket than he has done."

Bailey's reputation has also suffered because he has an unfortunate knack of innocently incurring the indignation of others. In a television broadcast, he lightly called the Australians "the boys from Botany Bay." Bailey says: "To my surprise, some people got quite peeved about it."

Her Giant Pile Of Socks

Off the cricket field, Bailey paradoxically has none of the stern, perfectionist traits which he shows on it. In the dressing room and at home he is notoriously untidy and careless with his and other people's belongings.

"His things spread all over the place," says Reg Simpson. "He loses his own and acquires other people's. He must have left articles of clothing in dressing rooms and hotels all over the world." Recently, Greta Bailey started to mend a giant pile of socks which her husband had brought back from the West Indian tour. Several bore the names of May, Wardle, Graveney, and Compton.

Bailey is so forgetful that he regularly leaves his home at Westcliff-on-Sea without a complete set of cricket clothes. After his wedding in July, 1948, he took his bride to a London hotel, where they intended to have an evening's dancing. When they arrived, Bailey found he had brought his evening jacket but forgotten his shoes and trousers.

A Juicy Ball For Hutton

His sense of humour is keen and original. In an end-of-season Scarborough Festival match, his first ball to Hutton after lunch was a juicy orange. One hot night at Scarborough, Bailey and his wife sprinkled a box of soap flakes in another player's bed. They say that he woke in the morning covered in soap suds.

Much that is in Trevor Edward Bailey's attitude to cricket today is reflected in his childhood. Born at Westcliff-on-Sea on December 3, 1923, he began wielding a cricket bat on the Southend mud at the age of three. At eight, he went to a private school run by the late Denys Wilcox, who was then captain of Essex. Bailey idolized him, and Wilcox, seeing the boy's aptitude for moving-ball games, coached him.

At home, Bailey played cricket whenever possible. In the garden, he bowled at a wall and hit the ball with a stump on the rebound. He played Test matches with himself. From Wilcox's school, Bailey went to Dulwich College. He played for the cricket eleven from his first year, frequently topped the batting and bowling averages, and captained the side during his last two seasons. In 1943, he joined the Royal Marines.

Demobilized in 1946, he returned to Westcliff to teach at Wilcox's school and to play cricket for Essex in the summer holidays. Later that year, he went to Cambridge, studied English and History for two years, and won blues at soccer and cricket.

He did not return to teaching when he graduated. Instead, he became the assistant secretary of Essex County Cricket Club, a position which allowed him to play cricket throughout the season. For four winters, he also played amateur soccer, first with Leytonstone, then with Walthamstow Avenue. In 1952 he got an Amateur Cup winner's medal with Walthamstow. Last year, he increased his income by becoming a "cricket adviser" to a sports goods firm.

Two Chances To Make Good

Bailey has never ceased to better his cricket. He studies the game and its players assiduously. First selected for both Essex and England as a fast bowler, he then decided to improve his batting on the grounds that "as an all-rounder you have two chances to make good." Reg Simpson, among others in the game, rates Bailey as one of the most intelligent of players. "He has the strengths and weaknesses of most batsmen mentally catalogued, so he is always able to set a correct attacking or defensive field."

Cricket will probably continue to be the driving force in Trevor Bailey's life, for through the game he is constantly striving to prove himself better than the next man. "I hate to lose," he says. "I used to be a poor loser, and I probably am still. It gives me a kick to win."

If that win comes after a gallant, fighting recovery—the type of recovery which must have occurred many times in the long Test matches in the garden of Bailey's boyhood home—that kick is so much the greater. THE END

AFTER THE DANCE

Continued from page 13

and legs were tired. There were long scratches where she had pulled through bramble creepers; malicious little thorns in her face and head from breaking through hedges. A tiny shadow thicker than the approaching dusk wove patterns in front of her eyes: a bat. And on top of the hill was the little round tower which marked the old pit-shaft. The old shaft!

A small boy could easily wriggle below the barbed wire fence. And, although the shaft was walled about and had a roof of heavy beams, a small boy with time on his hands and eager eyes might find his way inside. If he had found that way. . . .

She began running uphill, following narrow, winding sheep-tracks through the dense clumps of gorse, towards the little round tower that she had tried to keep out of eye and mind for thirteen years. And as she ran, the memories of that long, long, night broke through the barriers and came pouring back.

She saw herself as she was then, her mother's complaint ringing—"Your third dance this week. Dance-daft you are." It had all started at the dance that night. . . .

It was in a village hall two or three miles away. She had met Steve on the bus. He had given her a long, appreciative look, then said, "That's what I like about you, lass—nothing flashy about the way you dress. You know what to wear and how to wear it."

She said tartly, "Not so much of the 'lass' when you talk to me, Steve Mason," but she had been pleased. It was a real compliment. Later, he held her arm protectively as they crossed the road; with his courteousness was a hint of rough mastery which pleased her.

Gordon came late to the dance. He slouched in, hands in pockets, and it was obvious that he had been drinking. He walked over to them and, ignoring Steve, said, "How about the next one, Anna?"

She glanced at Steve, smiled and said, "It's promised." She'd have danced with Gordon later, of course, playing the old game of one against the other, but Gordon changed all this with three hot, insinuating words.

"Promised?" he said. "Promised what?"

He stood there with his head thrust aggressively forward, thumbs hooked in waistcoat pockets, eyes accusing her. He smelled of beer. He was very young and he had had too much to drink, but there was something frightening in his attitude. In that moment, she knew that Gordon was not for her.

Steve stood up. "Go home and sleep it off," he said.

Gordon sneered, "And leave you to make the best of your chances, you two-faced——"

"Clear out before there's trouble," said Steve.

Their voices were raised now and people had stopped dancing to watch. Then the doorkeeper pushed his way through. "Break it up," he said. "If you want to fight, get outside."

Gordon walked away. "I'll see you two later," he said.

A little later, when the lights were dimmed, she caught a glimpse of him as she and Steve swept around in a waltz. He sat alone in a corner and seemed to be in a drunken stupor. Then he saw them, and hatred sparked in his eyes.

The next time round he was gone. And she was glad. She felt she never wanted to see Gordon again.

But he was waiting for them beside the old shaft. In the silence of the frosty night he must have heard them long before they came in sight, their singing and laughter fuel for his rage and desolation.

He stepped out into the road and faced them. He had torn off his collar and tie. "You make a fine pair, the two of you," he said, "singin' coach and horses down the road."

"Listen, man, I told you to go home and sleep it off," said Steve, gently.

"Not until we've fought it out."

"You're full of drink, man," said Steve.

Gordon prodded him on the chest, "Then try an' beat me sober," he said.

That started it. Steve slapped away the offending hand. Gordon slapped back. He was not drunk enough to miss, and he followed with his fist. Steve's teeth rattled as his head went back.

Gordon laughed. "Come on—come and mix it, you dance-hall beauty," he said.

Steve's answer was a blow that sent him to his knees, but not for long. It was different from other fights Anna had seen. There was none of the cautious sparring of drunks outside the pub; no question of reconciliation and tearful handshakes. It was naked, bestial hatred; a fight to the death. And Steve had the advantage. He fought Gordon over the road, drove him on to the grass, felled him among the gorse. And when Gordon gathered himself for a final despairing assault, Steve waited only until he was upright, then drove to his chin.

The blow sent Gordon flying over the barbed wire and against the rough stones of the old shaft-wall. His head cracked against the wall, and he was still. And suddenly the stillness of the body was communicated to the night.

Anna felt rather than heard the pulsation of a great engine. She thought it was the pit-engine three miles away, then realized that it was her heart. Then the stillness was gone and she heard the great rasping breaths of Steve, on his knees among the gorse, and the singing of the wind in the wires above.

She stepped over the wire and knelt beside Gordon. His head was against the wall, but hanging awry. The eyes were blank in the pounded face, and a trickle of blood from his nose looked black and hard.

"Steve!" she cried. "Steve! You've killed him!"

Steve came over and looked down. "He's foxing," he said. "I'll stir him." He lifted his foot. Then he noticed the angle of the head, and his face changed. She watched the hard, bitter mask dissolve into formless panic as he reached down for Gordon. He lifted the body from the ground and shook it, as if it were a rag doll, the head swaying grotesquely.

"Wake up, man!" he cried. "Wake up! It's all right now." But Gordon would not wake up.

Steve laid the body down and looked at her. "He's gone!" he said. "No need to feel his pulse. He's as dead as mutton."

"We'd better get somebody," she whispered. "A doctor——"

He shook his head. "A hundred doctors wouldn't do him any good," he said. "We've got to keep this dark."

"We can't do that!" she cried. "He started it. You had to fight."

"I'll hang for this," Steve said hoarsely. "And by God I deserve to hang. He'd had too much to drink. I should have reasoned with him——"

"I'll go and bring somebody," she said.

He got hold of her wrist. "You'll do nowt of the sort. What good would it do? What will his folks think of me? There'd be an inquest—a trial. No."

He looked at the shaft. "There's where he's going," he said. "You get home and keep your mouth shut. Get out of this and keep your mouth shut." He stood up, walked around the wall.

She knew the place for which he was looking. There were some loose stones. As children, they had often pulled them out and put their heads through the hole to look down the dark funnel of the shaft, through the curtain of green ferns that sprang from slimy ledges, to the dark mouth where the water dripped hollowly. Drop a pebble and it ricochetted from side to side in a series of smacks, then, long after the sound had gone, would come the splash as it met the water at the bottom.

She sprang up and followed him. "You can't do that to him!" she cried. But already he had found the spot and was pulling out the loose stones.

The look he gave her was quite impersonal. "Get out of this," he said. "I'll not tell ye again." She stayed her ground until he began to drag the body to the breach he had made in the wall. Then panic took possession of her and she ran down the hill. It was a blind, crazy, headlong rush to the security and warmth of home. Often she fell over the gnarled roots of gorse, once she landed face-first in a bush; but nothing stayed her for long.

With the familiar street came sanity. She walked the last hundred yards and let herself in. The warmth, the fire licking in the darkness, the sound of the clock, all these made a benediction. It was like emerging from a nightmare.

Her mother's voice came: "That you Anna? Don't forget to lock up, honey." It was all so different from the sudden ruthless struggle on the hill, so warm and comfortable.

But she did not sleep that night and many nights to come.

The following day she walked past the old shaft. There was no sign of a struggle: the stones had been carefully replaced. She saw Steve once or twice after that, but Gordon was never mentioned; it was as though the name, once spoken, might be carried by wind, or from leaf to leaf, or overheard by a passing bird, and their secret revealed.

Yet luck was with them. There was a search, of course. The river was dragged. But they were never questioned. Gordon had been seen leaving the dance hall; but with the circumspect cunning of the half-drunk he had gone in the other direction and doubled back through the fields. And there was something else. There was a girl at Bradbourne expecting a child. . . . It was thought that he had cleared out on impulse.

His memory was quickly lost under the burden of the war. Only his mother hoped, and that was the hardest thing to bear. Then Steve had joined up and gone away to the war to be killed at Arnhem. And Anna had found a measure of peace with Jim.

And now it had all come back, but now she was running up the hill, not down. She knew what she would find long before she reached the shaft-wall. The stones had been pulled out. Room enough for a golden-haired laddie to

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

Mr. Stalk's fence separated his garden from a large meadow belonging to Mr. Pail, the farmer.

Hard work had rewarded Stalk with a beautiful garden and particularly with a magnificent rose bed. He won prizes at the local flower show every year for his roses.

In his own way, Pail was an expert, too, with a herd of pedigree cows which often grazed in the field near the fence.

When Stalk came home one evening, he found that five of Pail's pedigree cows had somehow broken through the fence. His garden was a shambles: his rose bushes were ruined—not a bloom or a bud was left. Three glass frames were smashed and a bed of seedlings destroyed. The cows were now among the lettuces. Stalk was furious.

Two shows were about to be held in the town: the flower show and the agricultural show. Stalk had intended to enter a large number of roses, and Pail was counting on prizes for his cows.

"I have penned your cows in my garden," Stalk informed Pail, "and you can have them back when you pay me £100, the value of the damage they did."

Pail refused to pay, saying that Stalk's carelessness had caused all the trouble. Each missed his show; then Pail sued Stalk for damages for the loss of possible prizes and sales of the cows.

"It was not my fault that the cows got through the fence," he said in court. "If Stalk wishes to keep such valuable things in his garden, then he should make sure that his fence is in first-class condition. He knew that the cows grazed in the field."

"If Pail had paid me for the damage done by his animals, I would have returned them to him in time for the show," retorted Stalk. "I am not liable and, what is more, I want £100 from him."

What is your verdict? For the legal position, turn to page 28

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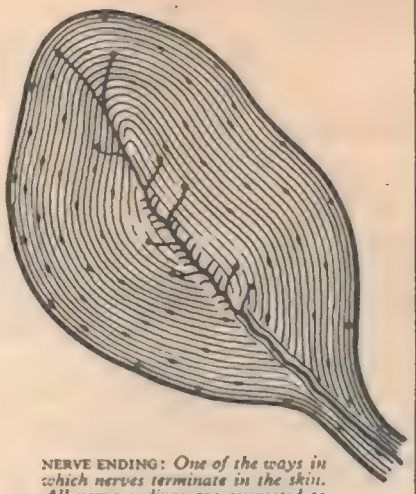
FACTS ABOUT YOUR NERVES

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

PROBABLY you have noticed how your natural energy, mental vigour, interest and enthusiasm give way from time to time to a feeling of deep mental exhaustion. The curious thing about such mental exhaustion is that it can affect your bodily health too. Just why has long mystified doctors, but it is believed that under the influence of your 'nerves' certain physical changes take place in the body, so making you physically fatigued as well.



NERVE ENDING: *One of the ways in which nerves terminate in the skin. All nerve endings are connected to your central nervous system.*

WATCH FOR THESE SYMPTOMS

You can usually recognise when your system is becoming 'run down' by your lack of energy, increasing tiredness, loss of interest in your job, poor concentration, insomnia and irritability, and by a growing feeling of deep mental and physical exhaustion. Whenever you notice these symptoms the proper thing to do is to put yourself on a course of Sanatogen.

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Sanatogen is a very fine powder. You take it, mixed with a little water or milk, three times a day, with or between meals. Remember, it may have taken months for your body to get into a 'run down' state. Obviously, this cannot be remedied just overnight and it is important that you take Sanatogen regularly for at least eight weeks. Each day Sanatogen will put back into your body a little more strength, a little more vitality, rebuilding your system and restoring your energies. So when you start Sanatogen, make sure you get the full benefit from it by taking the complete eight-week course.

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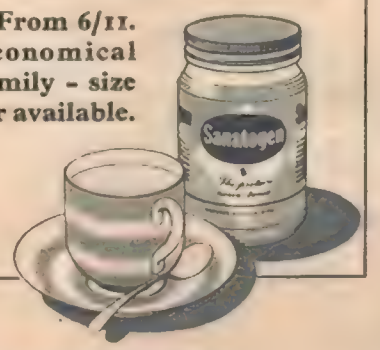

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THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

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get through where the body of a man had been pushed.

She dropped down and pushed her head through. It was the same as before; ferns, dripping water, the dark unrelenting eye of the pit.

"Tommy!" she cried.

"*Tommy!*" returned the funnel.

"Are you there?" she cried.

"*You there,*" said the funnel accusingly.

There was a flutter as a small brown bird darted from the ferns to disappear through a crack between the beams above her head. She stared into the darkness until she was dizzy. Nothing, she thought, could fall into *that* and survive. There was a sound above the quiet of the funnel like the sound you hear in a sea-shell. Then she heard a whimper. It was unimaginable distances away, and it was pitiably weak. She strained again to listen. There it was again. Somewhere down there was Tommy, and somehow he was still alive.

She pulled herself out. The thought of the child lying far below was so terrifying that it drained all the strength out of her, and she had to lean against the wall.

And then she remembered. Down there, also, was Gordon; down there with the whimpering child, a terribly silent companion. All these years she had guarded her secret, had composed herself to glance casually at the small round tower, had put a seal on her thought and silence on her lips. Now, they would come and lower a rope to the child and her secret.

She had nothing to fear, of course. This she had told herself many times. But there *was* a fear. The drawing of that pathetic bundle of bones from the depths was too unbearable to contemplate.

But there was another picture. She saw herself, yet unlike herself, tight-lipped, replacing the stones and sealing the secret again; sealing one secret with another. It was unimaginable.

Jim saw her running, and ran to meet her. She fell into his arms, sobbing. "He's in the old shaft, Jim. He's fallen down the shaft, but he's still alive. I heard him."

Jim didn't stop to ask any questions. A miner, he knew that there was no time for the luxury of questions. He ran to the phone and rang the pit manager. Half an hour later, a lorry drew up at the little round tower. Men unloaded a small winch. Two of the great beams on top of the tower were removed and the winch was manhandled into position and fastened down.

Jim stepped forward when the preparations were completed. "I'll go down," he said, "I'm used to this kind of work."

Anna ran forward. She wanted to cry: "*Don't go down, Jim. Don't go. I don't mind anyone else going. But not you, not you.*" Then she stopped short. He turned and saw her standing, white-faced. Something in her expression penetrated his preoccupation with the task. He came over, smiling to reassure her.

"Now don't worry, lass," he said. "I've done this sort of thing scores of times, and there's nothing to it. I'll have him back in a jiffy, you'll see."

SHE touched his hand. "Take care of yourself, honey," she said. It was strange that he should be the one chosen to uncover her secret. But so it had to be, and soon it would be all over. If Tommy was saved, she would be satisfied. It would be a life for a life and she would have struck a bargain with her fate.

Jim climbed to the top of the tower. Blankets were roped to his back, and he was fastened into the bos'n's chair. Then he was gone. Two men operated the winch. Their lights danced in the darkness, a ratchet click-clicked, and shadows swept hugely over the upturned faces of the crowd.

The pit-manager lay on the beams with his ear to the shaft-mouth. Anna and the crowd listened with him. It seemed a long time. And then, from far below, came Jim's voice: "Hold now."

It was hard to imagine what was happening down there, so far below. Once there was a splintering noise and, seconds after, a far splash, and it seemed as though everyone around the tower held breath. Then Jim called again.

"It's all right—only rotten timber," and even from that distance his voice was cheerful and confident. Anna felt a sudden surge of pride in her man.

Another long wait. Over on the road an ambulance pulled up, its motor purring, ready for the five-mile dash to the hospital; someone was sobbing, Mrs. Nash, perhaps.

At last there was another hail: "Pull up—easy." The monotonous clicking of the winch-ratchet began again.

Anna closed her eyes and prayed incoherently, and in her prayer Gordon, Steve, Jim and little Tommy were all one; but Jim was at the core of her prayer. Then the clicking stopped and she opened her eyes to see men, lying flat across the beams, lifting. The manager stood up with a blanket-enfolded figure in his arms and the crowd cheered as Tommy was carried down to the waiting ambulance.

THEN Jim appeared. She hardly dared look at his face, and when she did she was startled to see that it was quite composed. Streaked with black, it was still the same, old, infinitely comforting face. There was no look of incredulous shock. For a moment she hoped; then she remembered that he was used to death in the pit. If he had found what was left of Gordon, it would be to him just an anonymous body.

Now he was talking to the manager. "Broke his fall on the old twenty-fathom landing. Lying among the muck. But it was a miracle—the timber's rotten and smashed away at the other side."

There was a low murmur of voices and, tension broken, the crowd split into excited, gossiping groups. The ambulance moved smoothly away and the beat of its engine receded, then was gone from the night. It was hard to hear the voices of the men on top of the shaft, and Anna moved closer to it.

Suddenly her husband's voice broke through, loud and clear: "It gave me a shock at first. Saw something hanging from one of the broken planks, caught on a nail, and thought it was the kid. But it was only an old jacket somebody had thrown. . . ."

So the platform must have broken, for a short while only, the fall of another body—Gordon's. Now it lay at the bottom of the shaft, with only an old tattered jacket left on the platform to mark his passage—and his resting place. And she had paid her debt.

Dimly, she saw Jim walking towards her and somehow she saw him differently. It was as though the long years of fear had been purged in that swift second when she abandoned the need to safeguard her secret for the sake of little Tommy. But it was more than that. She felt changed utterly. She saw the whole world with new eyes, and Jim, walking towards her, filled that world. She ran to him with a little cry, and his arms welcomed her.

"It's all right now, lass," he said. "Everything's all right."

And everything was indeed right. He had gone into the pit and brought her a gift which was worth the nightmare night of long ago, and the haunted years between. At last she had found her man. And there was nothing in the whole creation to compare with him.

THE END

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26, the judge held that Stalk was entitled to detain the cows—provided he looked after them properly—until Pail paid up; since Stalk was doing what he was legally entitled to do, Pail could not complain of loss. Pail lost his case. Stalk was entitled to damages for the loss which had been caused by the cows.

"How does it go again?"

MARGO WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR

Continued from page 23

have. They'll smell salmon forty fathom down and a mile off."

"I don't believe a word of it," Margo snapped. She flipped the pages of her catalogue from lingerie to luggage, and Nils saw there was no ring on her brown little left hand, which struck him as odd for a girl choosing her wedding gear.

Still and all, it was Kemkuk who softened that fair-haired girl's heart. Coon-cats are fussy about who they make up to, but when Kemkuk had dined and cleaned his paws and whiskers, he came purring around her ankles in the friendliest sort of way.

"Very well," Margo said, speaking not to Nils but to Kemkuk. "I could use some fishing luck, so you can stay. But you'll camp by yourselves on Little Hamatsa, and if you get out of line, either of you. . . ."

She reached for her fish knife. "Sit on that log," she ordered Nils. "I'm going to trim your hair. Then I'll sell you my spare salmon outfit and we'll go fishing."

"No money," Nils told her; but Margo only said, "You can settle out of your first catch, at ten per cent interest."

That very evening, the fish struck in around the Hamatsas, and, sure enough, it was Kemkuk who located them. Nils had been working south along, but the coon-cat wasn't happy there. He mewed and he yowled till Nils pulled north, and, as they rounded the tip of Big Hamatsa, the fish came. He hollered loud and long to bring Margo up. They swung and hauled till the gunwales of both boats were near awash, not summer-run sprats like the girl had been catching but big northern fish, fat as hogs and hungry for herring.

A PACKER boat called by around dusk. When it chunked off up-channel, Nils had more money in his pocket than he ever had seen at one time before. He squatted by his fire on Little Hamatsa Island that night with Kemkuk purring on the new red blanket Nils had bought to help out his old one. But the wind made a lonely sound, and after a while he got up and drifted to the water's edge.

"Margo!" he shouted across the water-gap. "Hey, Margo!"

She must have been pretty tired from hauling salmon, for the answer that floated back to him was sleepy as well as cross.

"Well, what do you want?"

"You fixing to marry this Brick Bjornsson, Margo?"

"Maybe I will," she called, sitting in the glow of her own cosy fire on Big Hamatsa, ticking off items in her catalogue, "and maybe I won't. But don't you come over here, Nils Sontag!"

In three weeks, the way the coon-cat kept finding them fish, Nils had made enough to buy Dirk Voorstraaten a brand-new engine. But just replacing the Dutchman's engine wouldn't clear his name, so he rowed on north with Kemkuk in the Rivers Inlet skiff, boat by boat with Margo Eliasen, to Konoway Cove, where her father ran his camp.

MR. ELIASEN had a couple of old engines, a dozen loggers and the mortgage sharks breathing hot on his poor old neck.

"The way the price of logs is," he told Nils, with the air of a man enjoying almost more misery than he can stand, "I can't pay you nothing to work for me, and you don't collect that till the springtime."

"Doesn't matter," Nils said, for he and Kemkuk had to winter somewhere, and he doubted a police launch would put in at a spot as lost as Konoway. "I'll work for you anyhow."

"If business is that bad, Daddy," Margo said, "Nils and I will lend you our fishing money." She gave Nils a stare that dared him to protest, and said, "With interest at ten per cent."

"Sure," Nils said, only half-hearing her. He was studying Brick Bjornsson and the big Norski was scowling at him from eyes like glacier ice. But this was not the red Norski that had taken the engine. "Sure, Mr. Eliasen," he said again, "that'll be dandy."

Except for Bjornsson, who soon became an enemy, Nils passed a good winter. Everybody else was his friend, and most of all an old Finn who was the cook. Every cent the Finn came by, he put into a boat he was building.

"Not to go fishing," he told Nils, who used to wander down with Margo to watch him work on the boat each Sunday. "For chasing salmon I am now too old. When she's built, I will sell her."

With a boat like that, a thirty-footer, Nils could hunt the red Norwegian from the Bellanaps to Bull

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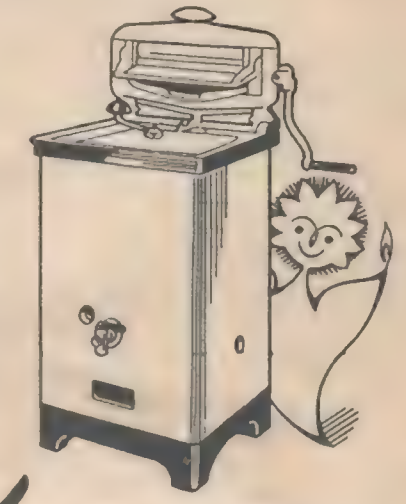

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Harbour, any weather. The idea popped into his head and stayed there.

The winter wore on, and the price of logs began to climb. But each time Nils mentioned his money, Mr. Eliasen acted as if he didn't hear him.

"It's too bad you don't play cheaters," Margo said when Nils told her how things were. "Daddy can't resist a game of cheaters, and you look so stupid and honest, Nils, you'd be good at it."

"Teach me," Nils begged her, and that Saturday night, instead of going dancing on the mainland with Brick Bjornsson as she generally did, Margo began to teach Nils the game of cheaters, which has busted more men than blackjack or even crown and anchor.

The evening of the day Margo got her new spring and summer mail order catalogue from town, Nils took her father on. You could watch those two and swear all was on the up-and-up, although not a hand went by that one or other didn't pull some low trick gambling men have been shot for. And when Nils stepped away from the table at daybreak, he had taken Mr. Eliasen for fishing money with interest and a winter's wages on the Loggers' Association scale, and he also owned a share in the camp.

"Tomorrow night," he told Margo, mighty pleased with himself, "I'll play him again and win back your trousseau money."

"Leave that to me," Margo said softly. "I'm better at cheaters than you are, Nils. But speaking of my trousseau. . . ."

She looked up at him and he looked down at her, the two of them standing close together in the dawn's early light, and for the first time in his life, young Nils Sontag thought of marriage. But he knew he would have to lick Brick Bjornsson before he could marry the yellow-haired girl, and he wasn't sure about that.

He took Margo in his arms and kissed her, getting only one half-hearted bat on his ear and a small scratch on his cheek.

"I've got business among the islands," he said. "Just don't you get to playing at cheaters with Brick Bjornsson while I'm gone." He kissed her again, and a third time for luck, and whispered to her, "I'll be back along with your fall and winter catalogue, honey."

He chirped Kemkuk off the beach and paid the old cook cash for his boat. He sailed away from Konoway Cove with the coon-cat proud in the wheelhouse beside him and Margo waving to him from the shore. He pulled salmon all up and down the islands that season, with Kemkuk scouting for him.

Wherever he called, whatever boat he hailed, he asked for word of a red Norwegian with a coon-cat for a pet. But no one had ever seen or heard of any such, and when he tied up at Konoway that autumn, his name was still to clear.

Brick Bjornsson eyed him with a smirk on his face and Margo greeted him stiff and chilly, but there was no ring on her finger yet.

Nils roused old Toivo, the cook. "Build me a new boat," he said. "A forty-five footer that'll take me anywhere. I'm through with the islands, Toivo. I'll fish offshore next year!"

For he had searched the inside waters from end to end, and he knew if he were ever to find the red Norwegian who had made a thief of him, it would be west where only big men and big boats venture, along the outer banks.

All winter he worked under Brick Bjornsson, hard, muscular work, taking much and saying nothing, till the April Saturday when Toivo finished bedding down the engine in his fine new boat. Then he hunted up Margo, where she waited all duded up on the float for Bjornsson to take her dancing.

"You got your spring and summer catalogue yet?" he asked her in the big new voice that had come to him that season.

The cranky girl looked at him, all two hundred pounds and six foot three of him, slow and hard and long. "Yes, Nils," she answered him, in a voice meek as a mouse's.

"Then order up your wedding rig," he told her, "because I'm sailing next week and you're going with me."

"Yes, Nils," she said in that same mousy voice, and he had time only to set the coon-cat in her arms before Brick Bjornsson, who had come to the float behind him, threw a fist like a choker hook at his head.

They battled from the cove to the cookhouse and right on up to the first spar tree. How it might have ended was anyone's guess. But Bjornsson tripped, and Nils nailed him going down and again as he got up, and that was the finish of that.

"Daughter," said Mr. Eliasen, who had played cheaters with Nils the night before, "you shouldn't have stuck out your foot."

But Margo only smiled at him as if she'd never known a cross moment in her life, and ran off to mail the order for her trousseau at last.

They did right well that season and better the next, but there was the black mark of thievery against his name to keep Nils from true happiness.

Then one day, off the outermost of the outer banks, the fog rolled up like a curtain and the wind started to blow. And right then, with the sky black and the water whitening, Kemkuk leaped to Nils's shoulder and peered through the dainty flowered curtains Margo had stitched for the wheelhouse.

"Now what ails that coon-cat?" Nils said to Margo, absently and with both eyes on the weather.

"I don't know what ails Kemkuk," Margo said to him, palefaced and wide-eyed, and steadying herself against his arm. "But I know what ails me. . . . Nils, you get me in to a doctor this minute!"

The words were scarce out of her mouth when the first great lumpy crester reared frothing under the troller's stern. Nils tightened his fists around the spokes. He had thought they were the last boat out, but off in the direction where Kemkuk was staring, sunk to her poletips, then climbing to the sky, another troller ran with them from the North Pacific gale.

They raised the islands after two hours of hard running. With the last of the dirty daylight they opened Fairhaven Pass. The other boat tossed close beside them now, no more than sea room between. She staggered up from a trough, heavy with water she had taken, and Nils felt Kemkuk's claws like red-hot needles on his shoulder.

The coon-cat's back was arched, his tail was fluffed, and his eyes shone green as he glared through the window. That much Nils saw before a king wave lifted and tossed them.

The same wave swept the other boat from stern to stem. She staggered broadside with power plant drowned and half her bottom showing as she rolled. Nils glimpsed the man who clung to her useless wheel. His hair was red, his whiskers were red, and under his arm was tucked what couldn't be anything but a coon-cat.

Nils swung his boat while Margo screamed and the galley dishes flew crashing from their racks. They plunged down a water mountain in the mouth of Fairhaven Pass. The other skipper waited braced and ready with a heaving line, and for all her delicate condition it was Margo that caught his line and made it fast.

They towed him through wind and tide and leaping cross-seas to the calm of Fairhaven Lagoon. Soon as ever Nils Sontag had seen Margo safe in the outpost hospital, he hurried back to the cannery dock. He scowled down from the dock's edge at the red Norwegian, where he pumped out his half-foundered boat, while Kemkuk dared the other coon-cat to come up and fight.

"You're going to Maquinna with me," Nils said. "You'll tell Dirk Voorstraaten and my Uncle Holstrum and the mounties how I came to help you steal that Columbia engine."

"But, mister, I have stolen no engine," the red Norwegian said, gaping up in great surprise. "I bought that Columbia for good cash money, and I have the paper to prove it, if you will be so kind to step on board."

Knee-deep in his flooded cabin, he thumbed through the papers of four long seasons. He peeled one off and handed it to Nils.

"You see?" he said. "A bill of sale all right and proper, signed by Dirk Voorstraaten and witnessed by your Uncle Holstrum!"

"I see," Nils said, quiet and thoughtful. And what he saw was the moral of this story, which is: if you have a wild, long-haired, saucy rapscallion of a boy, don't give up hope of him. Point him upcoast with a burr under his saddle and the chances are he'll come home made. For here was Nils Sontag, who started north with only a little grey coon-cat and a leaky skiff to his name, now a man of substance with a fine boat and a three-quarter interest in a logging camp, a wonderful wife and any minute a family.

The more Nils thought on it the better he felt. He stood there thinking while the big wind sang jubilee through the treetops, and even before the nurse ran down with good news on her face, he had decided that when they sailed back to Maquinna he would buy his Uncle Holstrum a box of cigars, after squeezing that good old man's neck a little and maybe tossing him off the dock.

THE END

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NIGHTMARE IN COPENHAGEN

Continued from page 9

as I do that when Anders had to take over his father's factory he had to switch from his former field. Quite often, in the beginning at least, he used to say he regretted the fact that pharmaceutical chemistry took up all his time."

"But he continued working with explosives out here. He must have."

"Not lately."

Richard stared at her, completely at a loss. "But then why did he ask me to come?"

Ulla Rasmussen was equally astonished. "He asked you to come?"

"He cabled me," Richard told her, "to come as soon as possible."

"I don't understand it," she said. "I always thought I knew everything he did. He never mentioned it. He only showed me your cable. *'Arriving Thursday . . Scandinavian Airlines.'* Naturally, I thought you had finally managed. . . ."

Richard's eyes narrowed abruptly. There must have been an important reason for Anders not to confide in this trusted old friend. He said slowly: "I expect he forgot."

Ulla Rasmussen shook her head. "No," she said. "No. He never forgot anything, not even unimportant details. He didn't want me to know."

Her voice trembled, and Richard realized that she was hurt. He changed the subject.

"Could I see Helga?"

She shrugged. "I told her you were here, but she said she didn't want to see anybody. Give her time. Wait till tomorrow, Mr. Parker. The guest-room is always kept ready, so why not stay with us? I wish you would."

They went out into the flower-filled little square and into the right-hand building. It was different from most Danish houses, where the bedrooms were small; Anders had done a modern job when he turned the stables into living-quarters.

The guest-room was wide and airy, with french windows opening out on to the courtyard, and two small windows overlooking the fields.

Ulla Rasmussen left him there, and he sat down on the bed to think.

He must have dozed off, for when he lifted his head the next time, the house was deadly still and the lights which had shone out into the court before had been extinguished. He glanced at his watch. It was nearing midnight. He must have slept about five hours.

He took off his shoes and tiptoed through the court into the hall. The front door was locked. Two heavy iron bars, a yard apart, made it impossible to open it from the outside. Richard slid the bars carefully through their holders. Avoiding any noise, he put them down on the red-tiled floor of the hall and opened the door.

A quarter moon swam in the sky, lending the night a strange, luminous quality. "About one and a half miles down towards the sea," Anders had written, "I have converted an old barn into a lab." It was towards this lab that Richard headed now.

He passed a cluster of small and big farm buildings until, on a lonely field, he could see the contours of the lab. He was prepared to smash a window to gain entry, but, to his surprise, the door was not even locked. He switched on the light and found himself in his accustomed surroundings.

There were the beakers, flasks, tubes, funnels, burettes, crucibles, retorts, a microscope—all the equipment he had known since he had first decided to study chemistry. And there was falling-weight test equipment. Anders must have gone on working in his former field, regardless of what Ulla Rasmussen had said, for this apparatus was used to determine the sensitivity of explosives.

His eyes glanced across the row upon row of dusty glass containers on shelves. As he stopped to read some of the labels, he frowned with annoyance over Anders's habit of putting numbers instead of names on them. This made it impossible to determine the contents without a chart.

As he walked around the room, his hands felt the empty spaces of the walls. Maybe there was a safe. But he could find none. He sat down at the desk. None of the drawers was locked, but there were no samples, no notes, no charts—nothing that gave the slightest clue to what Anders had been working on.

Richard left the lab, and as he walked through the night he thought he heard, amid the chirp of crickets, another sound. Soft steps, as though somebody were walking behind him. He turned abruptly. The outline of a group of trees, the prone body of a crow—that was all. He walked on.

As he rebolted the door of the house, he took off his shoes again and, shoes in hand, went into the living-room, the small library and through the dining-room into the kitchen. It was tiled all the way round, and the tiles, as the moonlight hit them, glittered softly, like blue and purple ice. He went into the ante-room and hesitated for a second. Then, breathing deeply, he entered Anders's bedroom.

It was a large, almost bare, room, its main pieces of furniture a huge desk, one hard, one comfortable deep chair. A shelf of books on explosives over the head of the narrow bed. Beside it hung a map of Denmark.

Richard stepped closer. What a very perilous geographical position these little northern countries were in! If Russia should ever decide to go to war, she would have to over-run this part of Europe as one of the key positions she needed to block any enemy fleet from sailing up the Baltic.

His attention was distracted by a slight sound outside the room. It might have been anything. Nevertheless, he walked over to the windows and drew the curtains. Then he went to Anders's writing-desk, and turned on the desk lamp. He opened the top drawer. Bundles of letters held together by rubber bands, photographs, bills, a diary.

Richard was opening the diary when a voice said: "Don't move or I'll shoot."

He spun round. Behind him stood a small figure dressed in a bathrobe. Helga. The gun in her hand did not waver.

"Helga," he said. "Helga, darling, it's only me."

The gun dropped to the floor. "Richard!" she cried, as if she could not trust her eyes. "Richard, I thought it was a burglar!"

For a second her eyes lighted up, her mouth curved in an unconscious smile, and Richard forgot for a moment

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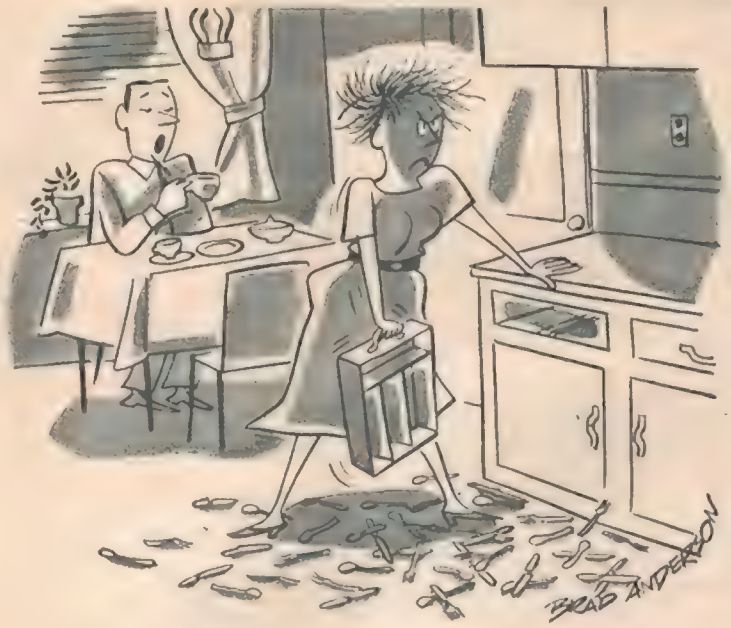

"I soaped that sticky drawer while you were out, dear"

the dreadful circumstances of this meeting, filled with a joy he had not thought possible. She hadn't changed, not a bit. She was exactly as he remembered her. Suddenly he could not understand how he could have let four years pass, how he could have been content to wait for what the future might bring instead of rushing to tell her what he felt.

He held out his arms, and Helga took a step forward, suddenly as shy as he; then her eyes fell on the open desk and she drew back abruptly.

"What are you doing here? How dare you touch his things? Get out of his room immediately!"

He longed to take her in his arms, to hold her close, but he knew that he must not touch her now. He wondered desperately how he could explain.

"I suppose," he said, as though she had not ordered him angrily out of the room, "you would have fired if you had not recognized me in time. You gave me quite a scare. Since when have you carried a gun?"

Like a distracted child, she bent and picked up the revolver. "Anders gave it to me yesterday when he was opening the safe," she said. "'Just in case,' he said. 'It's his old revolver, the one he used in the war."

Richard stood very still. Why should Anders have handed his sister a gun if he did not believe she might have to use it?

He watched Helga cross the room towards him. She still moved with the quiet grace he remembered. Her hair, the colour of polished brass, was hanging loose over her robe.

"You may have been his best friend," she said, "but I find it disgusting to see you looking through his desk. You have no right to steal his notes. They're all that's left of him now. And I'm going to see to it that they're published under his name."

RICHARD looked at her in surprise. "What are you talking about? What in the world's got into you? You can't seriously. . . ." He stopped and said very softly, "Has someone been trying to steal Anders's notes?"

Helga sat down in the chair between the desk and the bed. "I don't know," she said. "I don't know. Forgive me. I expect Severin upset me. I had only just been told of Anders's death when he called, hardly bothering to be polite, and said he wanted Anders's notes on Project Eleven. He's always been jealous of Anders."

Severin. Severin. The name meant nothing to him. "Who is Severin?"

"But Anders must have told you about him, the brilliant young German he engaged last year?"

Then it came back to him, the name and description Anders had given of Severin in one of his letters: "He's incredibly ambitious; but, then, ambition often lies at the root of great discoveries."

"What was Project Eleven?"

"You, too?" she said. "Well I don't know. Ask Severin. Ask Ulla. Ah, this is cruel of you."

She rose, and with one wide, furious gesture swept the papers he had taken out back into the still-open top drawer. But some of them fell to the floor.

Severin, he thought. Perhaps Anders had trusted him. And, there is a safe in this room. Helga mentioned it. Maybe she knows the combination.

NOW, to gain time, he knelt on the floor and gathered up the papers that had fallen down. And as he picked them up, looking at each item quickly before he put it back on the desk, he could feel her watching him.

"I thought you loved him," she said, "almost as much as I did. But all you care about is his latest findings. You're just like everybody else, interested only in some sensational news about his work. But what about him as a person, as a man?"

"Helga," he said, "would you open his safe for me? You know the combination, don't you?"

His question shocked her, as he had intended it should, as he could not help shocking her.

Her face went white and her voice was barely audible when she answered: "After all I've just told you, you of all people, dare——"

Richard got up and stood in front of her, barring her way. "Listen to me," he said. "Helga, listen. Anders may have left something of great importance. And because I believe this so strongly, I cannot show you the consideration I would like to. I need your help. Without your help I may never find out what it is. You see, Helga"—and now he spoke very slowly, very clearly—"I am afraid that Anders was murdered."

It was a dreadful thing to say, a dangerous and dreadful thing. For a moment a deep silence filled the room, a silence he did not dare break; then Helga laughed, the odd little laughter that becomes hysteria.

"Who would have murdered him?"

"Somebody who knew he had discovered something important and wanted it."

"Who?" she asked again.

Yes, who? he thought. Staring past her at the wall, he saw the map again. He caught his breath. He had not realized, when he had looked at it before, how close the Russians were to the Danish shore. Since Germany had been divided there were less than thirty miles between Denmark and the Russian-controlled German coastline.

"This afternoon, when I looked up

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the roads to take out here," he said. "I looked at the waterways, too. If Anders was going to Copenhagen as usual, why was his boat found on the Swedish coast? Does a boat drift across three miles that quickly? Would you say he took the wrong direction?"

"Not if he went to Sweden," she said, frowning sharply. Then her lips began to tremble. "But he planned to be in Copenhagen early this morning."

Richard sat down on the arm of the chair, as though his physical presence might ease her terror.

"Anders gave you his gun," he said. "Why do you think he wanted you to have a gun?"

"I thought it was a joke," she whispered.

"Maybe he wanted you to think that, so you wouldn't be frightened."

She shivered, shaking her head to herself in silent struggle with the horrifying possibility.

"There was a burglary two nights ago. In his lab. Only his typewriter was taken. But burglaries are so rare here, he was quite upset. Maybe that's why. . . ."

Only his typewriter taken, thought Richard, or was that only what Anders had told her? He thought of his visit to the lab, of the sound of steps. Perhaps he hadn't imagined them after all. And then he heard Helga cry, not wildly, not loudly, but softly. The first tears she had been able to shed since she had heard of her brother's death.

FOR a while he said nothing, just let her cry; then, very quietly he began to tell her about the cable and that Anders, knowing how difficult it would be for him to make this trip, would never have asked him unless his coming was absolutely necessary.

Helga stopped crying. "I know, Richard! You're right! He would never have asked you otherwise, but—oh, I don't want to believe it!"

She threw her arms around him, pressing her face against his chest, as though by turning her back on life she could escape the horrors of their century. She felt warm and soft against him, and Richard put his hand on her hair, felt its silkiness; but this was not the time to tell her about his love.

"Let's see if we can find anything in the safe."

Helga straightened up. Her eyes were enormous. Without a further word of opposition, she went to where the shelf hung over the bed. She pressed against some hidden mechanism behind the books, and the shelf moved to reveal a steel box. A minute later she had emptied the safe and put its contents on the bed.

"That's all there is," she said. "It doesn't look like much."

Indeed, it didn't. Strangely enough, except for the keys to a Copenhagen bank safe, there were mostly things one usually did not put in a safe. Photographs, for instance. Richard remarked on it.

"He was always afraid of fire," said Helga.

She sat at the foot of the bed, her shoulders hunched, still trembling. Now she picked up some of the yellowing daguerreotypes. "My grandmother. My great-grandmother. My great-great-grandfather. Anders was the last of our name, and so conscious of family history. He should have married, but he always claimed that it took a special girl to make a scientist's wife."

"He may still. . . ." Richard bit his lip. He had spoken as though Anders were still alive.

But Helga had noticed it. "I can't grasp it either," she said. "Oh, Richard, he meant everything to me!"

Richard stared down at the photo he was holding in his hand. "This is what he looked like when I met him first," he said, "over ten years ago. You were a little girl then, but at his quarters in London your picture was the only one. He used to worry so that something might happen to you during his absence, while we were worried stiff that he might get caught as a spy every time we dropped him back into Denmark."

Helga's hands trembled as she took

the photograph from him, but somehow his mention of her brother's courage during the Occupation had given her strength. She was able to look at the picture without breaking into tears.

"There they are," she said, "all of them," and pointed to the pencil marks around some of the faces in a group picture. "I wasn't supposed to know what they were doing, but, of course, I did, because I had known them all my life. Iver and Erik and Frederik and little Ove. Mogens and Kai."

Richard bent closer. Only one face besides Anders's seemed familiar. He had seen it somewhere, but could not recall where.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"Petersen. Ove Petersen," she said. "I wonder what happened to him."

Then suddenly Richard knew where he had seen Petersen's face—at Kastrup Airport. But he did not want to interrupt her now, when she was speaking freely for the first time. "Kai was shot," she said. "He was caught trying to derail a train. And Erik died smuggling some people to Sweden. And this is Mogens, who knows all the waters as well as his own backyard—the Baltic and the Skagerrak and the North Sea. He never seemed to be in one place, but in ten at the same time, drinking and gambling, a dare-devil if ever there was one. And now he's bored with the peace."

Mogens's name rang familiar. Richard searched his mind. Years dropped away and he was back in London. Not everybody had trusted Mogens. Rumours had said that he was playing both sides to his own advantage, but Anders had always stood up for him, laughed at all warnings, and relied on Mogens.

HELGA was pointing to two men standing with their arms linked. "Of Iver and Frederik you must have heard Anders speak often."

"Iver Larsen, the lawyer?"

Helga nodded. There was the shadow of a smile in her eyes. Richard noticed it with a quick feeling of jealousy. Perhaps it had been a mistake to let the years pass without telling her that he loved her.

"A pretty nice fellow," she said, "as far as lawyers go. Anders thought a lot of him." The smile vanished from her face and she sighed. "He will grieve as we do. It will come as a terrible shock to him when he gets back from Paris tomorrow."

Richard took another look at the narrow, handsome face. Again he asked himself if he meant more to Helga than just someone she had know for years. Then, as her finger pointed to Frederik Gabel, he remembered that this was not only a friend of the Oersteds but also their doctor.

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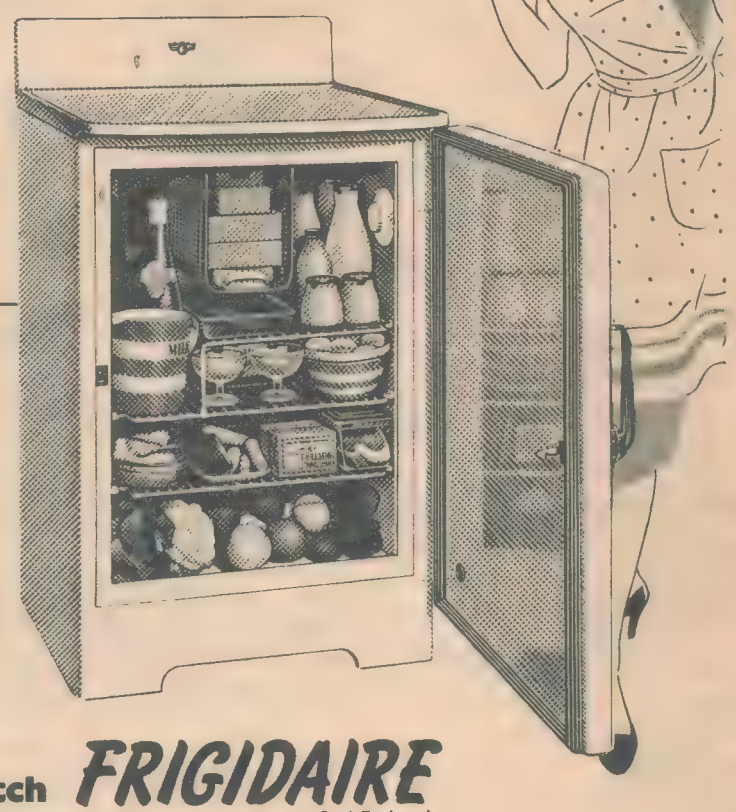

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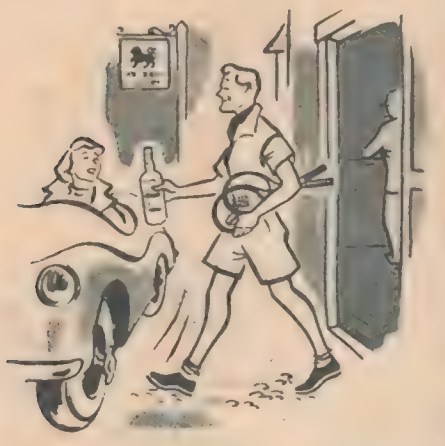

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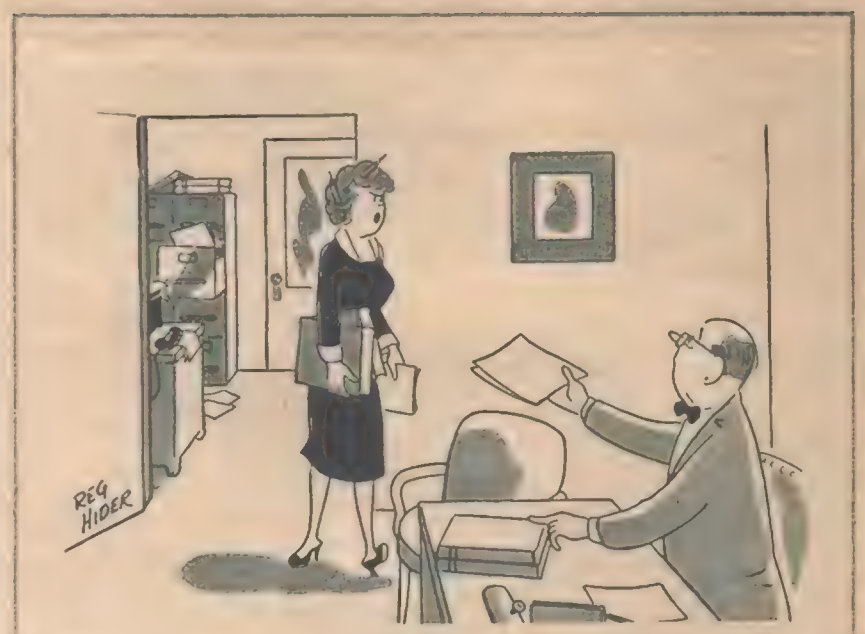

"When I said I could type, take dictation, answer the phone, make appointments and do the filing, I didn't mean all at the same time"

Anders had been subject to cramps lately, and Iver, as the Oersteds' lawyer, might have been entrusted with matters Anders had not dared confide to Helga or Ulla Rasmussen. He would have to see all of them—these men who had been boys with Anders and his closest friends after the war.

Photographs, letters, a few cases of jewellery. An envelope with a small sum of money. And nothing else. Richard was putting it all back when he saw it—a piece of paper flattened against the side of the lining, which Helga must have overlooked.

In Anders's writing, clear and even as a monk's, it said: *"July 18, 1953. I hereby acknowledge payment of ten thousand kroner,"* and signed with blunt strokes was a name: *"J. Mogens. Hornbaek."*

Ten thousand kroner—more than £500, thought Richard. Payment, not a loan. Payment for something that wasn't mentioned. July 18. It was July 23 today. Anders's cable had been dated July 19.

"What is Mogens doing now?" he asked.

"Mogens? What he is always doing. Fishing. Why?" She caught some of Richard's excitement, and her hands flew to her heart. "What has he got to do with it? Richard, you're not suspecting him, are you? He'd never harm Anders."

"I didn't say that. Just tell me. Were they still seeing each other?"

"But of course."

"Have you any idea for what Anders could have paid such a sum of money?"

"What sum?" She came over and took the slip of paper from him and shook her head. "I can't imagine what this means."

"Do you think Mogens might have needed money?"

"Oh, he always needed money. He bought a new boat this spring. Maybe Anders lent him——" She interrupted herself. "But here it says 'payment.' Payment for what? It doesn't make sense. There's nothing Mogens could have to sell at such a price."

Richard's mind spun. There was something strange in the fact that Anders, so exact in all his affairs, should have omitted what he had paid such a large sum for. It had been left out purposely. But what could Mogens have to sell? What knowledge could a simple fisherman have gained that was worth ten thousand kroner, and why should he have turned to Anders unless this knowledge was of some special interest to a scientist? It seemed improbable, though, that a man with no scientific education should know something that could be of sufficient importance for Anders to buy. It was more logical to assume that he had been ordered to find out what Oersted was working on, break into his lab and steal. . . .

Richard closed his eyes. Ordered by whom? Who could possibly order Mogens to steal scientific data?

A daredevil, Helga had said, who knew the sea and its currents like his own backyard, bored with peace after having tasted the adventure of war. Had Mogens, to make life exciting once more, sailed his boat a little too far out of home waters and met with the Russians?

There had been a burglary two nights ago. Nothing had been taken, Helga had said, except a typewriter, but Anders had been upset. What if Anders had caught Mogens in the act of robbing his desk and had paid him the sum of ten thousand kroner to find out who had ordered the fisherman to break into his laboratory? And had Mogens, perhaps a day or two later, grown afraid of having betrayed his instigator and decided that Anders constituted a danger to him?

Helga was speaking again. "He killed fourteen Germans," she said, "single-handed. You see, Richard, you could not take prisoners. You either evaded the Germans or you had to kill them. Mogens hated the Germans, and he's got a dreadful temper when he's roused." She broke off abruptly, trembling all over, her face white, her eyes dark with terror. "But why should he kill Anders? Why should Mogens kill Anders?"

"That's what I'm going to find out," said Richard heavily. "I'm going to see him tomorrow."

Richard stopped the car at the harbour but remained seated behind the wheel and looked around. It was a small harbour; only about thirty boats lay at anchor.

"He may stay out most of the night, he may leave before dawn, and he may not have gone out at all," Helga had said, and added something about calling in the police. Richard had gradually convinced her that it was too early and possibly inopportune to notify the authorities, and then promised not to go without her to see Mogens. He had just broken this promise. Helga was asleep in her room, and on the hall table he had left a letter of instructions for her, in case he should not return.

Dawn was breaking fast, and across the sound the Swedish coast lost its dim outlines, and became distinct. Richard could see the green of trees and white houses taking shape, while directly in front of him the rising sun illuminated the names of the boats in the shelter of two long moles.

He left his car and walked past the

one-storey building of a small fish market until he came to the spot where Mogens's boat, Elephant III, was made fast.

He stepped into a rowing-boat close to the quay, and from there climbed over a small sailing-boat and a trawler until he was able to swing himself on to the Elephant. There was only the faint odour of fish; otherwise everything was scrubbed spotlessly clean, and it was obvious that Mogens had not been out that night. The door to the tiny wheelhouse was locked, no fishing tackle lay around, and Richard began to wonder where he might find the man he suspected of murder, when through the cabin door he heard heavy snoring.

He had to knock several times before, with a curse, the door was opened. In front of him stood the figure of a huge man, naked but for a pair of faded denims. His hair was tousled, and his very light and small eyes, heavy with sleep, showed no curiosity for the stranger who had awakened him.

"I'm not going fishing today," he said. "I'm not taking anybody out," and he slammed the door.

PERHAPS it was only in this instant that Richard grew fully aware of the part he had assigned himself. It occurred to him that he had never tried before to break down a man, and that he might not be able to do it. A sudden fear assailed him that the only thing he might accomplish would be to put this man on his guard and, instead of solving anything, give him the chance to wipe out all possible traces.

He opened the door.

"Get out!" Mogens shouted, before Richard had even put his foot into the cabin. "Get out! I told you I'm not going fishing today!"

With the stubbornness which was a part of his nature, blind once more to the possible danger that Mogens might attack him, Richard entered.

"Helga Oersted asked me to see you," he said.

Mogens was lying on his bunk. He did not stir. "Didn't want to see me last night," he said. "I went to the house the moment I heard it on the radio. Wouldn't see me."

"She wouldn't see anybody," Richard told him, holding out a packet of cigarettes to the man.

Mogens chose to overlook them. "She saw you."

"I happened to be there," Richard lied. "I had just arrived from England and got to the farm when the news came through."

Mogens lifted his head and looked him over. "You are the man he expected?"

So the fisherman knew about his coming. Richard nodded. "Yes. I'm Richard Parker."

"That's the name," said Mogens. "Easy to remember. Well, sit down. I'm glad she sent you."

Richard sat down on the bunk opposite Mogens and watched the man get up and busy himself in the small galley at the far end of the cabin.

Mogens took a couple of plates and cups from a rack and a moment later brought a battered blue enamel pot and a pan with fried eggs to the table that was screwed to the floor between the four bunks.

"*Velbekomme,*" he said, and began to eat ravenously. And while he ate, his eyes intent on the food before him, he did not speak.

There was something sly about those light blue eyes, which seemed as faded as his denims by the sun and salt air. "*Velbekomme,*" he said again when they had finished, and Richard found that, in spite of his tension, he had eaten everything he had been offered. And then Mogens leaned back, pulled out his tobacco pouch and lighted his pipe.

"Why did Miss Helga send you?" he asked.

"Just to give you the message that she wanted to see you."

"What for?"

"I don't know, but I imagine she wanted to find out when you last saw her brother."

"H'm," said Mogens, non-committal. But after a moment's pause he

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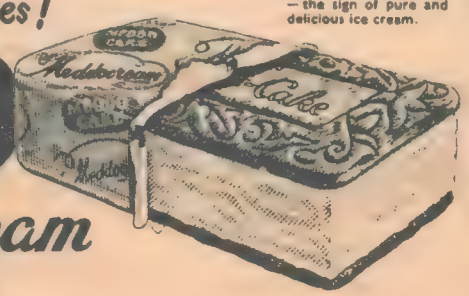

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bent forward and put his strong, muscular arms on the table between the dirty dishes. "You know something, Herre Parker?" he said. "I don't believe it was an accident."

Richard gazed at him levelly. "What makes you say that?"

"Because that Anders could swim like a trout. If he felt a cramp coming on, he'd just lie low, motionless, like a fish."

"The police seem to be satisfied."

"The police!" said Mogens. "Any man who makes extra work for himself is a fool."

"They even think it's possible that his boat might have drifted to the Swedish coast."

"It didn't drift."

"How do you know?"

"Because I know," said Mogens. "I know that boat and I know the currents."

"Then what's your explanation?"

"He came from Sweden," answered Mogens, and for the first time Richard saw him smile, an odd little smile.

"Why should he have come from Sweden?"

Mogens put an enormous hand on Richard. "Look, Herre Parker, he didn't tell me all he did. Maybe there was a girl. All I'm trying to tell you is that I don't believe it was an accident."

"Have you talked to anybody about your suspicions?"

MOGENS took his hand away and shook his head. "I wanted to," he said. "I went to Gabel's house, but he was out on a call and his wife didn't know when he would be back. Then I tried Larsen. He was away—in France, they told me."

Richard straightened, getting himself into a position where a sudden blow would not find him unprepared. "Then I think we should call in the police."

"No," said Mogens, a little too quickly, his eyes mere slits in his brown, brutal face. "You leave the police out of this."

"I'm afraid I can't. Don't you see——"

Mogens's move found Richard ill prepared after all. Before he could get up, Mogens was standing over him, pinning him down.

"Sorry," he said, "but you foreigners are always so impatient." He loosened his grip and with one step crossed over to the door, blocking it with his huge body. "Just forget about the police, Herre Parker, and listen to me."

Richard felt for the gun he had taken from Helga. "They broke into Oersted's lab a few days ago," he said. "What do you know about that, Mogens? How do you explain the ten thousand kroner you were paid by Oersted?"

The muscles around Mogens's chin

tightened and Richard pulled out the gun.

"I think you'd better come along," he said.

To his surprise, Mogens began to laugh. "So you expected foul play all along," he said. "And you thought, when you heard about the money, that I had something to do with it. Well, to begin with, I didn't want that money. Anders forced it on me. He even made me sign a paper. That's Anders for you. He wouldn't think of the thing as a present."

"Think of what as a present?"

Mogens gave him a long look. "Don't know if I should tell you," he said. "Anders wanted it kept a dead secret. But he told me about you. You see, I found something. I fished up a tin in my net. It was heavy. And stamped into the steel cap was a number, U-247. Now you know, perhaps, that some of the Nazis tried to get away in submarines."

At once, odds and ends came to Richard's mind, things he had heard and read, about German subs trying to escape to the Argentine. Quite recently there had been an article about two which had sunk in Danish waters years ago. They were supposed to be carrying with them the latest German invention of a new explosive, but they had run into mines, and all evidence was assumed to have been destroyed. A different kind of tension from that which he had felt while on his way to Mogens rose in Richard.

"Things came up from time to time," said Mogens, "—parts of a conning tower, pieces of metal, bodies no longer identifiable, all sorts of things—and now there was this tin. I opened it, which wasn't easy, and what was in it was a powder, white like sugar. There was a piece of paper in the cap which said in German: 'Sample.' And that was all. I took it to Anders."

Richard's mouth went dry and his voice was harsh. "Go on. Did Anders say anything?"

"Yes. He said how lucky for us that it hadn't been found in Russian waters. He made me swear not to breathe a word of this to anybody. And then he insisted on paying me."

RICHARD sat motionless. There was a strange satisfaction in having been right about the reason for Anders's cable. But Ulla Rasmussen's information had been correct, too. Anders had not worked on explosives lately, but had cabled Richard because, by pure chance, he had come across something important.

"I didn't speak to anybody," Mogens said, "but there were the hands, Bertel and Kristen. They knew, of course, that we'd fished something out of the sea that had belonged to a Nazi sub. You don't think right away of being careful or that it may be something important. And I didn't want to tell the boys to keep their mouths shut. They might have wondered why such a fuss was being made about a little steel container."

He smiled at Richard. "You still believe, Herre Parker, that I broke into Anders's place, stole the container and sold it to the Russians, don't you? Well, if you do, there's nothing I can do about it. It's up to you to recognize a man for what he is or isn't."

Richard shook his head. "I made a mistake," he said. "I'm sorry." He held out his hand and Mogens clasped it.

All his assumptions concerning this man, he thought, had proved wrong, yet his suspicions about the money paid to Mogens had led him to the heart of the matter. He looked at Mogens.

"But why," he asked, "why do you speak as if the Russians knew about it?"

"Not the Russians themselves," said Mogens, "but their agents. We've got quite a few here. We worked hand in hand with them during the Occupation. And I know that last year a very important formula was stolen from the Solskin works and that Anders was worried that something might happen to him."

VESTER FARIMAGSGADE. It was not a quiet street, but then, it was close to the centre of Copenhagen. Richard looked up at the red brick building and then back at his map. From here it was only a short distance to the railway station, equally close to the Tivoli and within walking distance of the Radhusplads. Anders had picked a convenient position for his flat.

Richard went up two flights of stairs and past several doors, until he came to the one marked "24." Helga had given him the key.

Unable to curb his impatience, he had told Helga about his visit to Mogens as soon as he had returned to the farm, and had begged her to come with him to Copenhagen. She alone had the authority to demand the bank keys and open the safe. Now he wished he hadn't insisted.

It had upset her terribly. For more than an hour they had gone carefully through all Anders's papers, and discovered nothing, not a note, not a chart referring to the explosive. But, in a big manila envelope, they had found his will.

"I can't stand it," Helga had said. "I know this is important, but I can't take it. I'm sorry, Richard, but you'll have to go to his flat by yourself. I don't want to hear anything or do anything. I want to be left alone. I'm going back to the farm."

A small hall, a living-room, a dining-room, one opening into the other, and with all the doors standing open, allowing him to see into the bedroom.

He felt the presence of the man before he actually saw him. Like Richard the night before, he was hastily searching Anders's desk in the small bedroom. For just a moment, Richard stood frozen; then he rushed forward.

To be continued next week

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD

Continued from page 17

concern. I had marched part of the way to Munha-ri in them and all the way south to the village of Namchon-jom, from which I had escaped. Escaping, I had travelled frequently over rough and precipitous ground. Now, to my dismay, the right heel split, and I lost two precious hours sewing it back on with wire from some old signal cable I had picked up on a track—a very clumsy piece of cobbling: my needle was a rusty nail.

Whether due to slipping on the hillside when my heel went, or from some other cause, I discovered when I finally got up to continue that the cut made in my foot by the rod of the Chinese jailers had opened. I bound it with a piece of rag and continued the journey, determined not to be set back at this stage.

The fifteenth day came and went, but there was still no sign of the sea. At dusk I made my bed as usual on and under pine branches, very tired, conscious that my legs were weakening, that my heart was now finding every climb a great effort. I had so hoped that I should see the sea that day. I dropped off to sleep, reminding myself that I must redouble my resolve at this stage. I was sure that I must reach the sea within another three days.

On the following morning I slept late. My long rest had refreshed me; my spirits were high. The sun warmed me as I came through a small clearing in the silent woods. The scent of the pines seemed invigorating. I stopped at a small stream to wash and drink, eating my breakfast by it.

The narrow path led straight up a slope to the top of the hill, where it passed out of sight between two huge boulders. I moved slowly towards these, wishing to avoid an unexpected encounter with anyone on the far side. Near the top I had to pause for rest; my heart was beating like a hammer after the short ascent, and I felt very faint. Recovering after some minutes, I reached the boulders, listened and moved on between them to the edge of a small cliff. The path turned sharply left, descending the western slope through more pinewoods—but I did not take it. For there, through the few trees on the cliff edge, my eye was caught by the reflection of sun on water. Beyond the pinewoods, far below me, lay the sea.

What happened next, I am unable to say. Some time later in the morning—it may even have been the afternoon by then—I found myself walking through an open field, sown, I think, with beans. Nearer, much nearer, was the sea; on it, two fishing boats with grey sails. I said aloud to myself: "What on earth are you doing here in the open? You'll be seen."

I walked across to the trees, but cannot remember which way I went.

I next recall a track with fields of standing maize on either side. Again, I realized that I must seek shelter, and turned towards the stalks on one side of the road. Whether I reached them or not, I cannot say.

The smell of smoke was in my nostrils; beneath me, I felt a soft bed. When I opened my eyes I thought at first that it was night, for it seemed quite dark. Then I discerned some tiny cracks of light high up on my left side and, putting out my hand, I touched a light wall, which gave a little under the weight of my hand. My other hand found a wall to my right. I seemed to be in some sort of passage.

I did not care very much where I was: I just lay there, glad to be still and quiet. Presently, I heard voices beyond the left-hand wall: Korean voices. They continued talking for such a long time that I identified three adult voices and a child's. Two of the adults were women. I was still listening when the talk stopped. For a few minutes there was silence, except for a whisper. Then, half of the left-hand wall slid back and the daylight came streaming in, blinding me momentarily.

There were three adults, as I had thought. The man was old in appearance; yet probably not more than forty. The Koreans age so swiftly from their incessant toil and poor food. The nearest woman looked old, too, though she was probably under fifty. Only the girl and the child—her child, it seemed—were young; the mother under twenty, the little girl about four years old. Standing in the room of the mud house, they all stared at me as the light fell on my bearded face.

There was no hostility in their eyes; only kindness, shyness and curiosity. As much as five minutes passed before, finally, the old man spoke. He said something in Korean I did not understand at all, waited for a moment while I shook my head, and then pointed, first to his mouth and then to his stomach, which he rubbed. Thinking he meant food, I shook my head, meaning to say that I had had none for some time.

After another short interval, his wife returned with a heaped-up bowl of rice and some soup. The thought of eating rice made me feel like vomiting, but I managed to eat about half the soup

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before I lay back, doing my best to keep it inside me—and succeeding. This was the first of many acts of kindness bestowed on me by these good people.

I stayed in that house for another six days, during which they fed and cared for me as though I were one of their own. The old man would come in to see me in the mornings and evenings, often taking my hand to lay it beside his own seamed and calloused one, running his fingertips over the comparative smoothness of my skin. After three days my appetite returned; on the fourth I got up after dark and walked round the courtyard.

I was still extremely weak, yet knew that every day spent there was not only a danger to me but to the old man and his family. The girl's husband had been killed at the front, I gathered—on which side he fought, I was not quite sure. There would be no one to say a word for them if it became known that they had sheltered me. Each one of them, possibly even the child, if precedent in Korean punitive measures was applied, would be put to the sword. After two days' gentle exercise—to show the old man that I could walk to the shore—he agreed to send me off on the evening of the sixth day.

Apple Was A Bribe

Early in the afternoon I was watching the track that ran past the house, as I had done since breakfast time, my eye peering through a crack in the back of the cupboard. Outside the house, sitting on the path that led down to the track, the child was playing with some little round mudballs.

The afternoon shadows were lengthening, when I saw a North Korean soldier coming from the direction of the sea, a burp-gun slung across one shoulder, his jacket open, a pack on his back. He stopped by the well to take a drink of water and called to the little girl to come over, producing from his pocket an apple which he held up to her.

She went over with reluctance, the apple helping her to forget how shy she was. Munching a piece of apple each, she and the soldier began to talk. The Korean words were incomprehensible to me, but I could not take my eyes off the soldier. I longed for him to go.

Suddenly, I heard the word "Yun-gook" spoken by the child among others. The soldier leaned forward and took her by the shoulders, questioning her. Then he got up, slung his burp-gun forward and walked towards the house.

"Time For Me To Go"

Just short of the entrance to the courtyard he seemed to change his mind, for he ran back to the well, pulled on his pack and went off down the track at a sharp pace. I had an idea that it was time for me to go.

The old man was in the courtyard as I came to the door. When he saw me standing there in daylight, he probably thought I had gone mad. He came hastily into the room, shutting the door. I tried to explain by signs what had happened, but realized that I was going much too fast to convey anything. After one more attempt I knew that it was hopeless trying to convey my many thoughts to him quickly by signs. I must leave, and trust to luck that I could find a boat on my own, if I did not manage to see him again.

Patting him on the shoulder reassuringly, I ran out through the door, through the courtyard, down the path. The area behind the house was open. Only the far side of the track contained good cover, where the maize grew, tall, leafy and green.

As I crossed the track, four armed Chinese came running round the bend farther down, giving a hoarse shout as they saw me. I jumped into the maize, hurried along the narrow passage between the stalks and had just decided that I would head east—away from the coast—for a short distance, when I saw some Chinese soldiers enter the far end of the maize field from the direction in which I was going.

Footsteps approached me from both

"The new colour scheme certainly makes that ceiling look higher"

ends of the field, closing in on me. The last moments of my freedom were, even then, dying, within a quarter of a mile of the coast.

I was taken up to the village of Sosa-ri; a miserable journey on which I collapsed twice. Finally, the escort, tired of accompanying me at a snail's pace, got me a lift in a passing military pony cart, whose driver was a good fellow—unlike my scowling guards—and gave me a half of his tin of beef and six biscuits, despite their attempts to dissuade him.

At Sosa-ri, the guards changed. They put me on a Korean civil truck, with my three guards and a great number of Korean civilians and their luggage, which reached the main western railway two days later and dropped me off. It began to rain as the guards did their best to hurry me along the railway, away from the main road.

Weak And Exhausted

We finally left the railway, entering a long valley, stopping frequently to rest my wretchedly weak body. A path led us up to a pass, beyond which a large headquarters was dug into the hillside. During the day, I gave my military particulars, and admitted to escaping from a column of prisoners marching northwards.

Later I was packed off down the path leading east. I was very tired and hoped that we had not far to go. As it transpired, we had less than two miles to walk, but the guards lost their way three times during the journey, so that we actually covered four.

Exhausted, I was led away from my escorts to a courtyard. One side of a double wooden door was unlocked. Straw rustled under my feet; the stench of unwashed bodies filled the air. My foot touched someone's flank. "Hell! Is there any room in here?" I asked.

To my complete surprise, a very young, English voice replied: "Is that another Englishman?"

A minute later I was shaking hands warmly with Mike.

Next morning, Mike turned out to be tall, ginger haired and a second lieutenant. The two of us were taken up to a bunker in a nearby hill, immediately after our kaoliang breakfast, and thrust inside with a group of South Korean soldiers whose uniforms had long since been exchanged for rags.

On the posting of a sentry and guard commander less hostile than their predecessors, the two of us contrived to get permission to leave the bunker.

Outside, we sat in the sunlight, discussing our exact location in relation to the most important thing that lay before us: escape. Undoubtedly, we were now about ten miles south of Sinmak and a little to the east of the main western railway and highway, which ran, broadly speaking, side by side.

Escaping from this point, we could make for the coast again; or, in the light of Mike's knowledge of the Kaesong neutral zone established for the Truce Negotiations, we could head south. There were many factors to be considered before making a final choice: our immediate task was to break with our captors.

A day or two later, we did not go down the hill, as usual, to our evening meals in a group with the South Koreans. In the afternoon—about three o'clock — a non-commissioned officer and two soldiers collected us from out seat outside the bunker and took us into the centre of the village.

There we were given as much kaoliang as we could eat and an ample quantity of egg-plant soup. By the look of the kit that the guards had got together we were going on a journey.

We journeyed through the night to Pyongyang in an empty Chinese two-and-a-half-ton truck, arriving at dawn, with many bruises from our frequent contact with its sides and floor as we passed over innumerable potholes and makeshift bridges, and round the edges of many bomb craters. The cut in my foot had opened after its pounding on the steel floor, and I found difficulty in walking from our debussing point to some houses in the extreme north of the city. After an hour's sleep, we had a breakfast of rice and were ordered to continue on our way.

Lost All He Owned

We had not been on the road very long before it became apparent that we were lost, with the result that we spent the remainder of the morning moving backwards and forwards, until we reached a very large village about a mile and a half from our original starting point. Our escort handed us over to the village garrison, where we were searched and stripped of every one of our few possessions, including our shoes and belts.

After a short wait we found ourselves locked in a very strong cell, lined with stout timbers and offering, as cell mates, a Chinese boy of fifteen, and one of the filthiest men I have seen.

Through constant protest we managed to secure the removal of our cell mates—who were literally crawling with lice—the issue of a covering to keep out the growing chill of the October nights, and a small measure of freedom to sit for a little while in the sun each day. On two occasions we were actually allowed to wash, and we worked hard at delousing. Our luck seemed to be turning a little, and we hoped it would continue as we made fresh plans to escape.

On the fourth day, however, Mike was removed from the cell, and we had but a few moments to wish each other good fortune before he disappeared with the guards who had brought up his possessions.

On the following night I was really pleased to find that I, too, was to be

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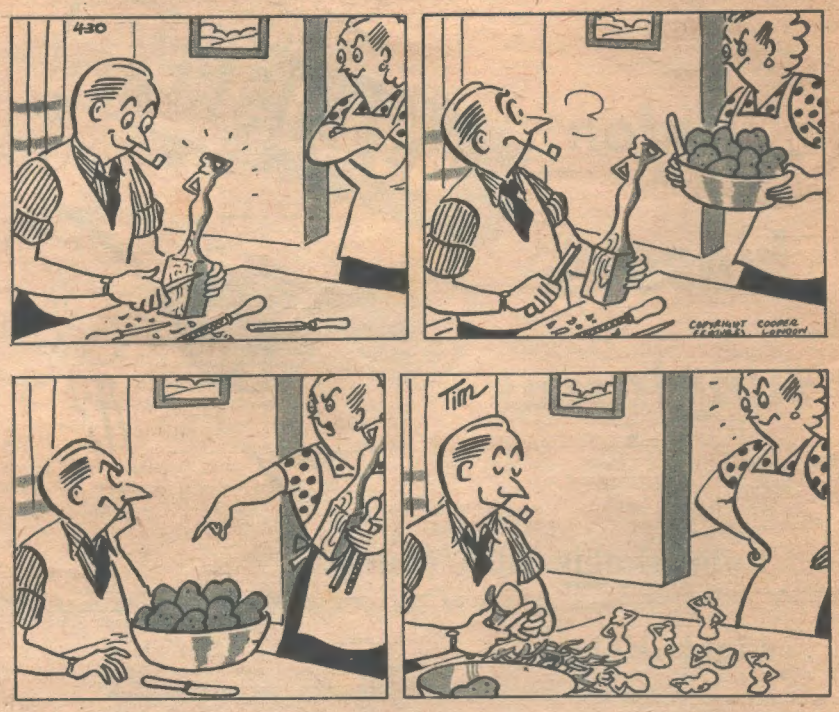

moved on. I was put into the hands of a very cheerful officer, who had evidently not long removed the Red Star of the Chinese regular forces from his cap—a gesture to international custom on crossing the Yalu River into Korea.

He was extremely friendly, presenting me with apples and Chinese hard-ration biscuits during our night truck journey, and borrowing a padded greatcoat for me from our driver to keep out the cold wind which had risen shortly after our departure. But his kindness did not relax his vigilance. I arrived at Sinanju as fast a prisoner as I had left Pyongyang.

Feast Of Rice And Soup

At dawn on the following day I reached Chinju. The guards handed me over to a headquarters in a village just east of the town and departed.

An hour before dusk the guard commander brought me an excellent meal of rice and a soup of potatoes, which had a liberal quantity of cooking oil floating on the top. I ate my fill of this rich dish, before being taken back to the centre of Chinju town. Accompanying our party was a Chinese officer who evidently spoke good Korean, judging by the fluency with which he conversed with two North Korean tank officers on the journey.

The reason for his presence became clear when I found myself outside the local police station: I was handed over to be kept in the cells. After several hours of darkness I was relieved to find that it was not the intention to keep me there for the night. I was already chilled through in my unheated cell, when a police officer and two sergeants came to escort me down to the main crossroads, where they joined a group of Chinese attempting to stop a vehicle for a lift.

No one stopped; several of those giving signals were almost run over. Eventually, they decided to give it up for the night. As my policemen were about to return me to the lock-up, the Korean-speaking Chinese came running up, said a few words to them, and instructed the Chinese to bring me along the road behind him that led us back to the east.

I caught the word "Mi-gook"—American—in their conversation as we left the crossroads, and I was just wondering whether they were referring to an impending air raid when we came up to a small handcart in the middle of the road.

Sitting in it, his crutches lying alongside his one leg, was an American. This was the "Mi-gook" to whom they had referred. His name was Tom.

When Tom and I left Chinju the following afternoon it was a special occasion. Tom was leaving the area in which he had spent his entire six months' captivity to date.

He had commanded an American F80 jet-fighter squadron, and his aircraft had been hit by anti-aircraft fire in a raid on Chinju rail yards. As he jumped clear of his cockpit, his legs had been caught by the tailplane and injured. Fainting from pain and loss of blood, he had parachuted down, to be picked up by North Korean soldiers.

Fortunately, Tom had a strong constitution. The Chinese amputated one of his legs in rough fashion and, an hour afterwards, he had visitors: an interrogation team who plied him for more than nine hours with questions about the organization of his squadron, group, wing and the headquarters of the Far Eastern Air Force.

Evidently his captors were not pleased with his replies to their questions: his leg remained unattended for a month, by which time the wound had become terribly infected. He was leaving Chinju prematurely now: the amputation was still only partly healed, but he had refused to write a letter to the United States calling for the end of the Korean war and thus was not considered worthy of further treatment.

In the late afternoon we reached Sinui-ju.

Our truck drew up outside the main gates of a large, brick-walled enclosure. Inside, we could see several stone buildings and a huge bunker from which radio aerials protruded. Behind these ran the main railway line that came across the Yalu River from Antung, the Chinese city that sits on the north bank opposite Sinui-ju.

In North Korean Jail

At first, I thought we had come to a North Korean Army headquarters. As we stood in the courtyard, however, I realized that all the officers and men about us wore police uniforms, and the windows and doors of several of the stone buildings were barred: we were at the police headquarters and jail.

We were taken into one of the cell blocks. The heavy, barred door was locked behind us. We found ourselves in a wide passage containing a bench, a chair and a desk. In the thick outer wall was one small window, now blacked out for the night, and a door at either end of the passage. In the other wall were set small barred doors, too low for a man to enter without bending almost double.

Above each door, and running into the wall on its right, was a long, barred window. Behind the doors and windows were wooden-floored, cement-walled rooms, thirty feet long, ten feet wide. These were the cells.

NEXT WEEK: I face the ordeal of Chinese torture

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For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 *"Bullets"* Seasons and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

THIS WAY to the PENSION PRIZE

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

On The National Stage	Bad News
Rationing's Dead, But	Like Animals
The Happiest People	Paddling His Own Canoe
Holiday Of The Future	Mr. Dillydally
From Life	Kept Cool
Swing Of The Pendulum	Not Laughing Now
Converted	Ifs And Buts
Man Of Her Dreams	Came In Handy
Going Red	With A Lordly Air
Thought Of Everything	In The Garden Next Door

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Whale Of A.....	Hypnotized The .....
Through Our	.....To Anyone
"Don't Forget To.....!"	The Butcher.....And

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

LOBSTER, CHICKEN, PEACHES and CREAM

New "Summer Banquet" Bonus of ready-to-serve luxuries to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

1,944

Closing Postmark MON., JULY 12

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Value .....

No. .....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....

FREE "Bulletin" dated July 24, containing Historic Presentation Offer plus Prizes value over **£1,000**

Fill up and post this Label by Mon., July 12—postman brings you £1,000 *Bulletin* on Sat., July 24

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

757

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to John Bull, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated July 31 and in John Bull dated August 7), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 24, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,944 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,944, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

The Captain sets a straight course for

SANDEMAN

PORT or SHERRY

"You'll like it"

You're all Set

for more miles of safer cycling . . .

The Dunlop Roadster cycle tyre recognized as the first tyre for day-in, day-out riding, now gives place to something even better. The NEW Roadster offers more comfort, higher mileage and still greater safety—it's the tyre for YOU! Wired Cover 11/6d. Beaded Edge Cover 14/1d. Tube 5/4d.

. . . on the *NEW*

POINTS AHEAD!

Added 'teeth' for greater skid-resistance.

Stronger cord generously rubber-insulated for extra resistance to impact.

Strengthened sidewalls to withstand constant flexing throughout the long life of the tyre and to protect against accidental damage without loss of liveliness.

DUNLOP

ROADSTER TYRE

4H/313

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"Lovely day for a GUINNESS"

EH

G.E.2296